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SONGS
OF
CHRISTIAN
SERVICE

BY
W. J. KIRKPATRICK AND
D. H. L. GILMOUR

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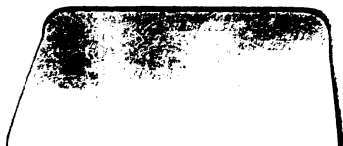
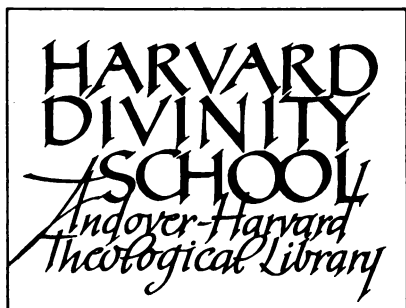
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**Songs of
Christian
Service**

Compiled and Edited by
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK
and
H. L. GILMOUR

Price:
20 cents each.
\$15 the hundred, not prepaid



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ANNOUNCEMENT

THE STEADILY INCREASING DEMAND FOR A COLLECTION OF GOSPEL HYMNS WHICH SHALL BE SUFFICIENTLY LARGE TO PERMIT THE COVERING OF A WIDE RANGE OF SUBJECTS, YET SMALL ENOUGH TO PUT THE PRICE WITHIN REACH OF ALL, HAS RESULTED IN THE PREPARATION OF THE PRESENT VOLUME OF "SONGS OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE."

THE MANY HYMNS HAVE BEEN SELECTED WITH GREAT CARE IN ORDER THAT THE VARIED REQUIREMENTS OF THE CHURCH, SUNDAY-SCHOOL, YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING, ETC., SHALL BE MET.

IT IS HOPED THAT THIS BOOK WILL MEET WITH THE SAME CORDIAL WELCOME ACCORDED TO THE MANY PREVIOUS COMPILATIONS ARRANGED BY US.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK
DR. H. L. GILMOUR

M

1114

1507

Songs of Christian Service.

HOLY, HOLY.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, we would tell thy love, God e - ter - nal in the heav'ns above;
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, none art good but thou, At thy feet to worship we would bow;
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, hat - er of all sin, Yet the erring thou dost seek to win;

With the saints thy name we would adore, Giving praise to thee for - ev - er more.
Un - to thee shall endless songs a - rise, Thou almighty rul - er of the skies.
Sending Je - sus on the cross to die, Bringing to the lost sal - vation nigh.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly, ho - - ly Fa - ther, mer - ci - ful and mighty;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, hallow'd be thy name, Father, mer - ci - ful and mighty, hallow'd be thy name;

Ho - ly, ho - - ly, Hallow'd be thy name.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, hallow'd be thy name, hallow'd be thy name.

No. 4.

OVER THE WORLD.

J. R. B.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Tell the love of Christ abroad, O - ver the world! Tell them
 2. Tell how Je - sus saves to - day, O - ver the world! Now his
 3. Tell that Christ our Lord shall reign, O - ver the world! He will
 O - ver the world!

of a ris - en Lord, O - ver the world! Je - sus died that we might
 wondrous love display, O - ver the world! 'Tis the con - se - cra - ted
 come from heav'n again, O - ver the world! From the Father's home on
 Over the world!

D.S. - Send abroad the gos - pel

live, He his life did free - ly give, Ev - 'ry soul he died to save,
 ones, Who re - joice to be God's sons, Serve him and his good - ness own,
 high, He will come, yes, by and by, And will reign e - ter - nal - ly,
 light, Scat - ter sin and sorrow's night, Tell of heaven's morning bright,

FINE. CHORUS.

O - ver the world! O - ver the world! O - ver the world! O - ver the
 O - ver the world!
 O - ver the world!

world! Ev - er sal - va - tion's sto - ry tell, O - ver the world!
 O - ver the world! O - ver the world!

No. 5. HE TOUCHED ME AND MADE ME WHOLE.

T. S.

THOMAS SULLIVAN.

1. To the feet of my Sav-iour, in trembling and fear, A pen-i-tent
2. I knew not the ten-der com-pas-sion and love That Je-sus, my
3. "My grace is suf-fi-cient," I heard his dear voice, "O come and find
4. O Je-sus, dear Je-sus, Thy name I a-dore, For sav-ing and
5. O come, my dear broth-er, he's wait-ing for you, Your sin-burden'd

sin-ner, I came; He saw, and in mer-cy he bade me draw near; All Sav-iour, had shown; Tho' burden'd with grief, his dear hand brought relief; He rest for your soul; From sin you to save, my life free-ly I gave; I keeping my soul; Thy prais-es I'll sing, my Redeem-er and King, Thy heart to con-sole; Your wea-ry head rest on his dear, lov-ing breast; He

CHORUS.

glo-ry and praise to his name, heal'd me and call'd me his own. died that you might be made whole." He touch'd me and thus made me whole,.....
 dear, loving hand made me whole. He touch'd me, he touch'd me and thus made me whole
 suffered and died for your soul.

Bringing comfort and rest to my soul;..... O glad hap-py day, all my
 bring-ing rest to my soul;

sins roll'd a-way! For he touch'd me and thus made me whole. (made me whole.)

No. 6.

CRUCIFIED!

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. They nailed my Lord up-on the tree And left him, dy - ing, there;
 2. Up - on his head a crown of thorns, Up-on his heart my shame;
 3. "Forgive him, O forgive!" he cried, Then bowed his sacred head;
 4. His voice I hear, his love I know; I worship at his feet;

Thro' love he suffered there for me; 'Twas love beyond com - pare.
 For me he prayed, for me he died, And, dying, spoke my name.
 "O Lamb of God! My sac - ri - fice!" For me thy blood was shed.
 And kneeling there, at Calv'ry's cross, Redemption is com - plete.

CHORUS.

Cru - ci - fied! Cru - ci - fied! And nailed up - on the tree!

With piercéd hands and feet and side! For you!..... For me!.....
 For you! For me!

No. 7.

DO YOU WANT TO GO THERE?

J. E. LEWIS.

L. E. JONES.

1. Just beyond the border land, behold a cit-y bright, Do you want to go there?
 2. Thro' its gates of shining pearl can come no taint of sin, Do you want to go there?
 4. Blessed home in love prepar'd for all the Saviour's own, Do you want to go there?

Do you want to go there? Shadows never dim the skies, for Je - sus is the light,
 Do you want to go there? Pain or death or falling tear can have no place within,
 Do you want to go there? There the friends of earth shall meet and sing before the throne,

CHORUS.
 Do you want to go there? Do you want to go there? Land of perfect peace,

bright and fadeless day, Do you want to go there? Do you want to go there?

Jesus is the light, Jesus is the way, Do you want to go there? Do you want to go there?

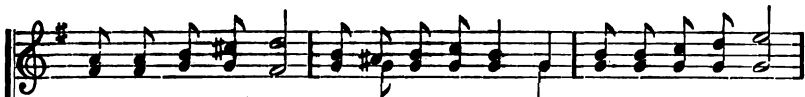
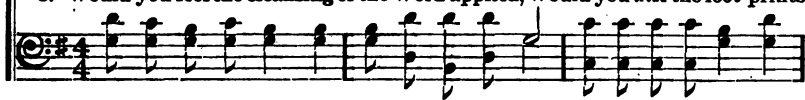
No. 8. TRUST IN THE SAVIOUR AND OBEY HIM.

L. E. J.

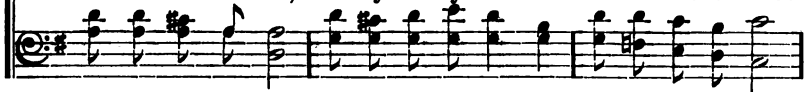
L. E. JONES.



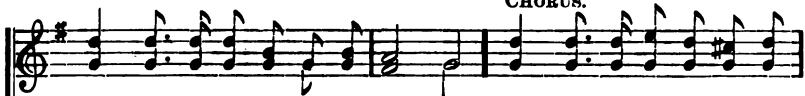
1. Would you live for Je-sus, would you have his love, Would you feel his presence
2. Would you know the fullness of his love and grace, Would you see the beauty
3. Would you feel the cleansing of the Word applied, Would you tread the foot-prints



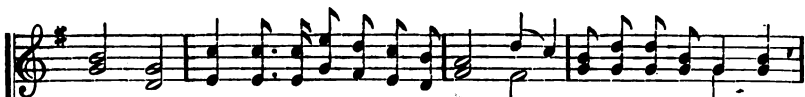
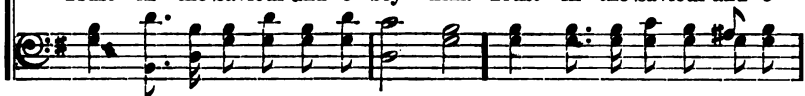
and his mer-cies prove? Come in faith believ - ing, fix your eyes a - bove,
of his smil - ing face, Would you in the kingdom find with him a place?
of the cru - ci - fied, Would you ev'ry mo - ment in his love a - bid?



CHORUS.



Trust in the Saviour and o - bey him. Trust in the Saviour and o -



bey him, Trust in the Saviour and o - bey him; He will give you peace, from



ev - 'ry care re - lease, If you trust in the Saviour and o - bey him.



No. 9.

SWEET SPIRIT.

JOHN BELL.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Slowly and smoothly.

1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Spir-it, flow in - to my soul, And cleanse me from
 2. Thy nature, sweet Spir-it, now give un - to me, And I shall the
 3. I long, bless-ed Spir-it, thy im - age to bear, Thy wis-dom and
 4. O come and trans-fig-ure my soul with thy light, And earth with its

all, and I shall be made whole; Be-fore my Redeemer a-dor-ing I'll bend,
 beau-ty of ho - li-ness see; My doubt-ing and fear-ing I cannot en-dure,
 pow-er and ho - li-ness share; To move in the cir-cle of in - fin-ite love,
 tur-moil shall fade from my sight; Then sorrow, pri-va-tion, what-ever betide,

CHORUS.

And talk face to face as a friend with his friend.
 I long to be like thee, I long to be pure. } Flow gently, sweet Spirit, flow
 Be pure in God's sight as the blessed a-bove. }
 With thee for companion, my soul shall out-ride.

into my soul, Let waves of thy glory now over me roll; When filled with thy

fulness, made perfect in love. I'll hail the glad summons that calls me above.

No. 10.

HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER.

EDGAR LEWIS.

L. E. JONES.

1. Swell with heart and voice the song, Let the cho - rus roll a - long,
 2. Tell it e - ver hill and plain, From the strength of e - vil's chain
 3. He can take the sin - ful - est, Bring them per - fect peace and rest,

Christ is a - ble to de - liv - er; Tell his wondrous pow'r to save,
 Christ is a - ble to de - liv - er; Hal - le - lu jah! grace is free,
 Christ is a - ble to de - liv - er; Un - derneath the fountain's flow
 Je - sus Christ is

Shout his vic - t'ry o'er the grave, He is a - ble to de - liv - er.
 In the Lord is lib - er - ty, He is a - ble to de - liv - er.
 Ev - 'ry heart may be like snow, He is a - ble to de - liv - er.
 He is sure - ly

CHORUS.
 He is a - - - ble to de - liv - - - er, Shout the sto - ry o'er the
 He is a - ble to de - liv - er, He is a - ble to de - liv - er.

mountains and the wave, Ring it out a - far and near, It will
 shout the sto - ry o'er the wave.

HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER.—Concluded.

scat-ter ev-'ry fear, He is a-ble to de-liv-er and to save. ful-ly save.

No. 11.

JESUS TENDERLY CALLS.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Why do you wander in darkness away? Je - sus tender-ly calls you;
2. Come, from the fetters of e- vil be free, Je - sus tender-ly calls you;
3. Come, and for pardon and cleansing believe, Je - sus tender-ly calls you;
4. Come, and receive of his rich-es un-told, Je - sus tender-ly calls you;

Mer-cy he of-fers, why longer de-lay? Je - sus tender-ly calls.
 Come, for the Mas-ter is seeking for thee, Je - sus tender-ly calls.
 Give him the serv-ice he waits to receive, Je - sus tender-ly calls.
 Come, for his love is more precious than gold, Je - sus tender-ly calls.

CHORUS. Isa. 55: 6.

Seek ye the Lord,..... While he may be found;
 Seek ye the Lord, seek ye the Lord, While he may be found;

Call ye up-on him, While he is near.....
 Call ye up-on him, call ye up-on him, Seek him while he is, while he is near.

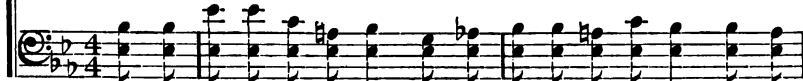
No. 12. THERE'S A STORY SWEET AND TRUE.

Mrs. W. T. MORRIS.

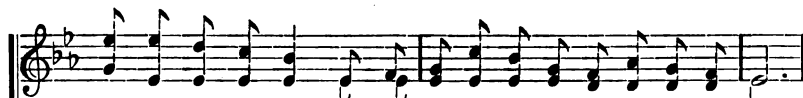
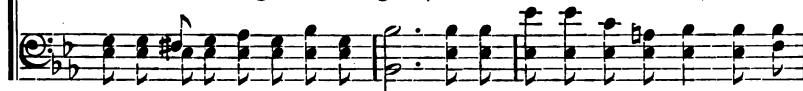
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



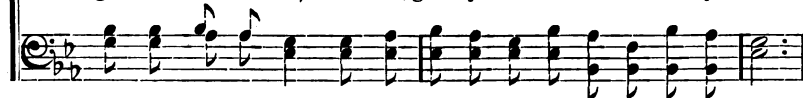
1. There's a sto - ry sweet and true, Tho' 'tis old, 'tis ev - er new; 'Tis the
2. Yes, I'll tell it o'er and o'er, Tell it now and ev - er more, For the
3. When my life is end - ed here, As I reach the por - tals there, And the



sto - ry of my Saviour and his love; How he hung up-on the tree, Ev - en
story of my Saviour ne'er grows old; How he cleansed me from all sin, Made me
loved ones who have gone before I greet; I shall tell them of his love, How he



died for you and me, To pre - pare us for his glorious realms a - bove.
white and pure with - in; 'Tis the dear - est, sweet - est sto ry ev - er told.
brought me safe a - bove, To his glo - ry will I tell the sto - ry sweet.



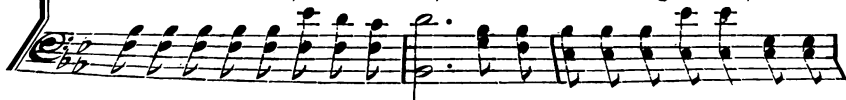
CHORUS.



O re - peat it o'er and o'er, Some have nev - er heard be - fore How that



Jesus for us suffered, bled and died; 'Tis a theme that ne'er grows old, Sweetest



THERE'S A STORY SWEET AND TRUE.—Concluded.

sto - ry ev - er told, 'Tis the sto - ry of our Sav-iour cru - ci - fied.

No. 13. SAVED BY GRACE ALONE.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

Eph. 2 : 8.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. No tears can wash my sins a - way, I'm saved by grace a - lone;
 2. I looked to him in sor-row's night, I'm saved by grace a - lone;
 3. When life is o'er I'll joy - ful sing, I'm saved by grace a - lone;

No deeds of love my debt can pay, I'm saved by grace a - lone.
 He led me to the per - fect light, I'm saved by grace a - lone.
 While songs of rap-ture round me ring, I'm saved by grace a - lone.

Out from the depths of sin I cried Un - to the Lord once cru - ci - fied,
 O long from him my footsteps stray'd, His ho - ly will I dis - o - beyed,
 Enthroned in glo - ry I shall see The bless - ed Lord who died for me,

He gen - tly drew me to his side, I'm saved by grace a - lone.
 But now on him my guilt I've laid, I'm saved by grace a - lone.
 And know thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, I'm saved by grace a - lone.

Key: F major
DOES JESUS CARE?

BY FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Does Jesus care when my heart is pained Too deeply for mirth or song;
2. Does Jesus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation strong;
4. Does Jesus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me,



As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the daylight fades Into deep night shades, Does he care enough to be near?
When in my deep grief I find no relief, Though my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches 'Till it nearly breaks—Is this aught to him? does he see?



CHORUS.



O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;



When the days are weary, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares.
he cares.



No. 15. I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

"We which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 3.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

D. E. DORTCH.



1. O my heart is thrilled with wondrous joy to-day, I am resting in the
2. At the fountain opened for the soul unclean, I am resting in the
3. All my doubts are vanished, all my fears are gone, I am resting in the
4. O the bliss and rapture! O the wondrous peace! I am resting in the
5. So I live re-joicing in his love each day, I am resting in the



Saviour's love; Christ, the Lord, has taken all my sins a-way, I am
 Saviour's love; Trusting in his grace I ventured free-ly in, I am
 Saviour's love; When I trust-ed Je-sus, lo! the work was done, I am
 Saviour's love; I have nev-er known so pure a joy as this, I am
 Saviour's love; I am walking with him in the narrow way, I am



CHORUS.



resting in the Saviour's love. ||: I am resting, sweet - ly resting,
 sweetly, sweetly



I am resting in the Saviour's love; || in the Saviour's love.



No. 16.

WHEN I BEHOLD HIM.

ELLA M. PARKS.

AN EFFECTIVE SOLO.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Af - ter the earthly shadows have lift - ed, And o'er the hill - tops
 2. Helpless he found me, lift - ed me to him; Whisper'd of par - don a -
 3. Now in his presence, dai - ly I'm liv - ing, Walking by faith where mine

morning I see, Sweetest of prospects, I shall behold him, Je - sus, the
 bundant and free; Breath'd he his peace o'er my sin-stricken spirit; Pointed my
 eyes cannot see; For he is guid - ing home to that cit - y, Built for his

Ritard...... CHORUS.

Saviour of sinners like me. }
 vis - ion to Cal - vary's tree. } When I behold him, Christ, in his beauty,
 lov'd ones—sav'd sinners like me. }

When with the ransom'd his face I shall see, O how my heart in

Ritard......

rapture will praise him, Praise him for sav - ing a sinner like me.

No. 17.

THOU ART MY LIGHT.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Thou art my Light, my blessed Redeem - er, Thou art my Hope, my
 2. Thou art my Light when sin is en - snaring, Thou art my Trust when
 3. Thou art my Light in ev-'ry temp - ta - tion, Thou art the One in

Saviour and Friend; Thou art unchanging, cheering and guiding, Ever on
 tri - als are near; Thou art my Light, my Help and Protector; Guided by
 whom I con - fide; Thou art the Light and Source of my comfort; I am se-

CHORUS.

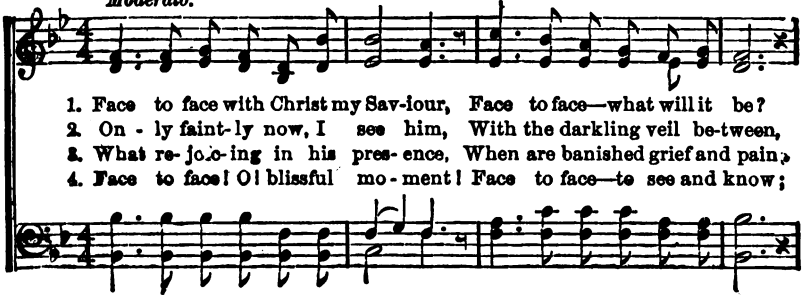
thee I sure - ly de - pend. } Thou art my Light, my bless - ed Re -
 thee, I nev - er will fear. } cure with thee by my side.

deemer, Thou art my Way, my Help all a - long; Thou art my rest when

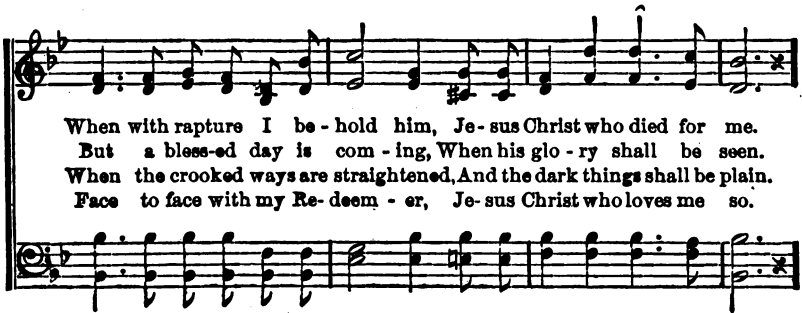
wearied with journey, Thou art my soul's de - light and song.

MRS. FRANK A. BREOK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

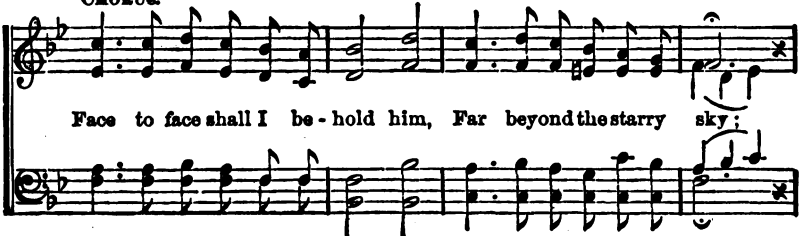
Moderato.


1. Face to face with Christ my Sav-iour, Face to face—what will it be?
 2. On - ly faint-ly now, I see him, With the darkling veil between,
 3. What re-jo-icing in his pres-ence, When are banished grief and pain,
 4. Face to face! O! blissful mo-ment! Face to face—to see and know;

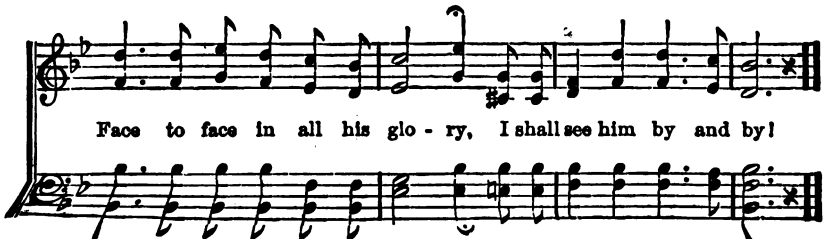


When with rapture I be-hold him, Je-sus Christ who died for me.
 But a bless-ed day is com-ing, When his glo-ry shall be seen.
 When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
 Face to face with my Re-deem-er, Je-sus Christ who loves me so.

CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be-hold him, Far beyond the starry sky;



Face to face in all his glo-ry, I shall see him by and by!

No. 19. EVERY GRIEF SHALL PASS AWAY.

IDA L. REED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. What if here my path is shad - owed, And the skies are dark and gray?
2. What tho' here a - lone I wan - der, Oft - en homeless, oft - en sad?
3. What tho' here each day may bring me, Bit - ter tri - als to en - dure?
4. Safe at last, what will it mat - ter If the way was long and drear?

In the light of heaven's glo - ry, Ev - 'ry grief shall pass a - way.
O - ver there are joys e - ter - nal, Ev - er more to make me glad.
There no more they'll be remembered, By life's crys - tal wa - ters pure.
There e - ter - nal joys shall greet us, And e - ter - nal light and cheer.

CHORUS.

There shall be no sigh - ing there, In the realm of end - less day;

In the light of heaven's glo - ry, Ev - 'ry grief shall pass a - way.

No. 20. THE GREATEST THING IS LOVE.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Oh, matchless love, how could it be? He took my place and died for me;
2. In ev - 'ry land be - neath the sun, It makes us brothers' ev - 'ry one,
3. It makes all things with joy replete, Makes strong the heart, life's cares to meet
4. It sti - fles ev - 'ry sigh and moan, It melt - eth hardest hearts of stone,



I from the bro - ken law go free, Thro' love, wonder - ful love.
 Thro' Christ the "well be - lov - ed Son," This love, wonder - ful love.
 Turns sor - row's bit - ter in - to sweet, This love, wonder - ful love.
 It breaketh ev - 'ry bar - rier down, This love, wonder - ful love.



CHORUS.



The great - est thing in earth be - low is love,
 wonder - ful love,



The great - est thing the an - gels know is love,
 wonder - ful love,



The great - est grace in God's own heart is love,
 wonder - ful love,



THE GREATEST THING IS LOVE.—Concluded.

In earth and sky all things a-bove, is love, won-der-ful love.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>5 The stripes that should on me been laid,
He bore, and suffered in my stead,
Like as the lamb to slaughter led,
Through love, wonderful love.</p> | <p>6 Where souls in sin and sadness droop,
We go with him, and gladly stoop
To lift a fallen brother up,
Through love, wonderful love.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 21. "YES, DEAR LORD."

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Long my willful heart said "no" To Jesus' tender pleading; Now I long his
2. Bringing all I am and have In humble conse-cra - tion, Trusting in the
3. Giving o'er my doubts and fears And all my useless trying, Trusting not my
4. Yes, dear Lord, in life or death With thee all good possessing, Not by feeling,

CHORUS.

love to know, My stubborn will is yielding.
blood I claim This ut - termost sal - vation.
pray'rs or tears, But on thy word relying. } Yes, dear Lord, yes, dear Lord, Here I
but by faith I take the promis'd blessing.

give my all to thee; I believe, I believe The blood avails for me.

No. 22.

SOMEONE IS WAITING.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

H. P. DANKS.

1. Some-one is wait-ing for words you may say, Speak them be-
 2. Some-one in dark-ness is watch-ing your light, O let it
 3. Some-one is long-ing for help you can lend, Hast-en, to -

fore too late:..... Some-one is look-ing to find the true way,
 ne'er grow dim!..... Shine for the Mas-ter with ra-di-ance bright,
 day, be true!..... Tell of the Sav-iour, the tru-est of friends,

CHORUS.

Lead-ing to heav-en's gate..... }
 Souls will be led to him..... } Some-one is wait-ing, yes,
 Tell what he did for you!..... }

wait-ing to - day, Hast-en, O Christian! no long-er de - lay,

Some-one is waiting for words you can say: Speak them before too late.....
 too late.

No. 23.

JESUS UNDERSTANDS !

BIRDIE BELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bow'd beneath your bur-den, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the
 2. Ev - 'ry heav - y bur-den he will glad - ly share, Are you sad and
 3. Tho' temp-ta-tion meet you, Je-sus can sus - tain, Life has vex - ing
 4. Wea-ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow

jour-ney, is there none to care? Courage, way worn trav'ler, heed your Lord's commands,
 weary? Jesus has a care; Well he knows the pathway o'er life's burning sands,
 problems which he can explain; Serve him where he sends you, tho' in distant lands;
 rugged? yet his way is best; Leave the unknown future in the Master's hands,

D. S.—Leave the unknown future in the Master's hand,

FINE. CHORUS.

There's a thought to cheer you, Jesus understands. } Yes, he understands,
 Courage, fainting pilgrim, Jesus understands. }
 Do not doubt or question, Jesus understands. }
 Whether sad or joy-ful, Jesus understands. } O yes,

Whether sad or joy-ful, Je-sus understands.

D. S.

All his ways are best. Hear, he calls to you, "Come to me and rest."
 O hear,

No. 24.

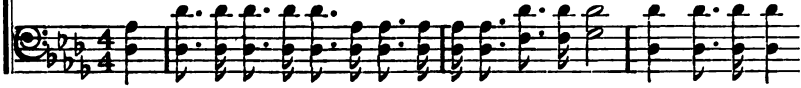
MEET ME IN THE CITY.

DELIA T. WHITE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



- 1. Ten thousand times ten thousand in the city of our King, Wash'd in the blood
- 2. Behold a mighty army marching onward to the throne, Wash'd in the blood
- 3. When fears and doubts beset us, let us ring it out again, Wash'd in the blood
- 4. So shall our lives be given to the blessed Master's praise, Wash'd in the blood



of the Lamb; As they gaze up on his beauty, ev-erlasting love they sing,
 of the Lamb; Sweetly trusting their Redeemer, they are sav'd by grace alone,
 of the Lamb; Soon array'd in spotless garments, in his kingdom we shall reign,
 of the Lamb; 'Tis the sweetest note of triumph that his ransom'd people raise,



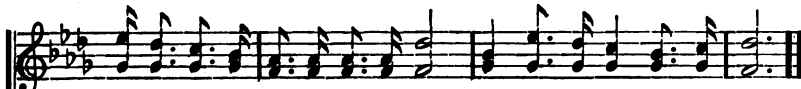
CHORUS.



Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. O meet me in the cit-y of the



new Je-ru-salem, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; Meet me in the



cit-y of the new Je-ru-sa-lem, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.



No. 25. BEHOLD, I STAND AND KNOCK.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. At the door of your heart that is closed to his love, There's a friend that is
 2. At the door of your heart he has wait-ed so long, With his of-fer of
 3. At the door of your heart stands the Saviour of men, Will you not o-pen

knock-ing to-day, He de-sires to come in, all his mer-cies to prove, O
 par-don and peace, He is read-y to save you and keep you from wrong, To
 now at his word, Give him room to a-bide, for he plead-eth a-gain, Re-

CHORUS. Rev. 3: 20.

why will you turn him a-way? } Be-hold, I stand at the door and
 give from each bur-den re-lease. }
 ceive him, your Saviour and Lord. } Be-hold I stand at the door, I

knock: If an-y man hear my voice, And will o-pen the
 stand and knock:

door, I will come in to him, And will sup with him, and he with me.

No. 26.

HIS LOVE IS SWEEPING IN.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. I've been to Je - sus for the pow'r, My heart is free from sin;
 2. I know in whom I have be - lieved, And trust him ev - 'ry hour;
 3. I glad - ly tell his wondrous love, The love of Christ, my King;

To - day, like billows of the sea, His love is sweeping in.
 I would not for a moment stray Beyond his love and pow'r.
 Each moment, while he blesses me, I would his praises sing.

r. is sweeping in.

CHORUS.

Like ocean billows, ocean billows, Waves of glory o'er me roll;
 o'er me roll;

O hal - le - lu - jah! Halle - lujah! Jesus' blood hath made me whole!
 hath made me whole!

No. 27.

SPEEDING ONWARD.

CHAS. E. FERGUSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are speeding, speeding onward to the great triumphant day, When we'll
 2. We are speeding, speeding onward, we the vic - to - ry shall win, And in
 3. We are speeding, speeding onward to the bless - ed home a - bove, O the

lay our burdens down at Jesus' feet; With the mighty host unnumbered we shall
 triumph we shall safely reach the goal; Tho' the clouds may gather o'er us we'll not
 joys that will attend us o - ver there! Then we'll shout and sing the praises of the

stand in white ar - ray— In the grand - eur so a - maz - ing lost complete.
 lose the sight of him, 'Tis his pres - ence that il - lu - mi - nates the soul.
 Saviour's wondrous love, As we en - ter in - to mansions bright and fair.

CHORUS.

Speeding on - ward, home to glo - ry, Where the saved with Jesus dwell,
 Speed - ing on - ward, home to glo - ry. Where the saved with Jesus dwell,

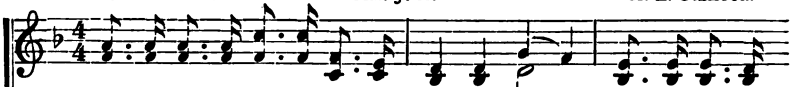
Soon we'll join that happy cho - rus, Ev - er - more his praises swell.
 Soon we'll join that hap - py cho - rus, Ev - er - more his praises swell.

No. 28. "BRING YE ALL THE TITHES."

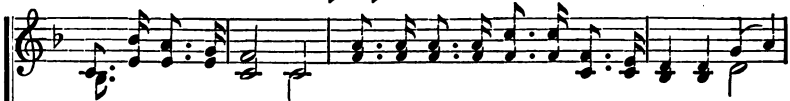
HELEN E. RASMUSSEN.

Mal. 3: 10.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Hear the words of scripture from the a - ges past, "Bring ye all the
2. Do you seek to know the Ho - ly Spir - it's power? "Bring ye all the
3. Is there aught that stands between you and your Lord? "Bring ye all the
4. Lift your heart this moment : claim him Lord and King, As ye bring the
5. Let the anthems roll in grandeur thro' the skies, Having brought the



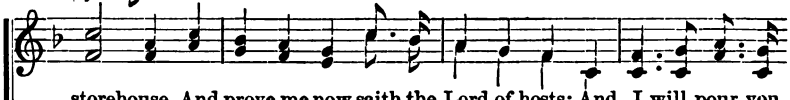
tithes into the storehouse," Make a con - se - cra - tion that will ev - er last,
 tithes into the storehouse." Live in sweet communion with him hour by hour,
 tithes into the storehouse." Bring them on con - di - tions promised in his word,
 tithes into the storehouse. Trust the blessed promise, and your praise shall ring,
 tithes into the storehouse; Joy - ous hal - le - lu - jah's from our hearts a - rise



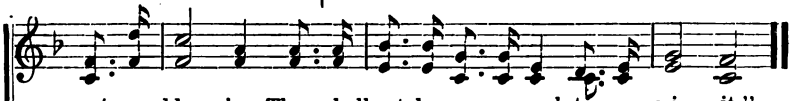
CHORUS.



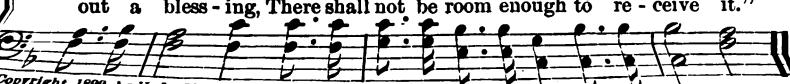
Trusting for the promised bless - ing.
 While he gives the promised bless - ing. "Bring ye all the tithes in - to the
 And he'll pour you out a bless - ing.
 From the heart he is pos - sess - ing.
 For we have the promised bless - ing.



storehouse, And prove me now saith the Lord of hosts; And I will pour you



out a bless - ing, There shall not be room enough to re - ceive it."

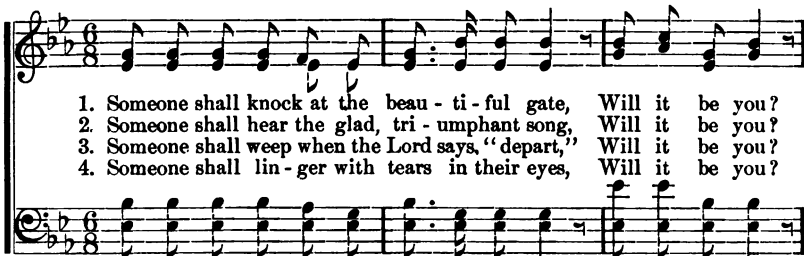


No. 29.

WILL IT BE YOU?

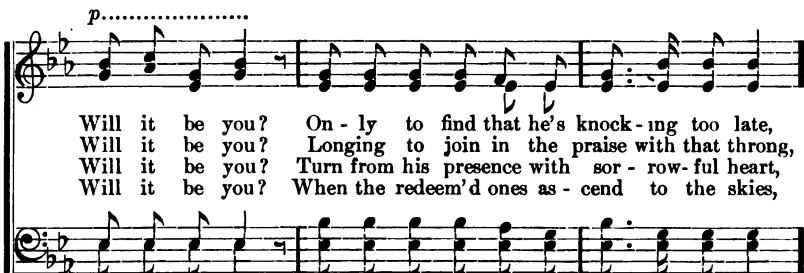
MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.



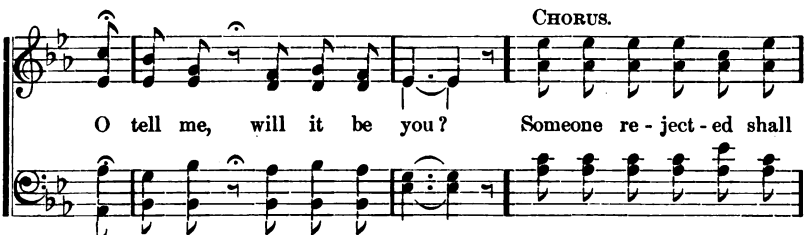
1. Someone shall knock at the beau-ti-ful gate, Will it be you?
 2. Someone shall hear the glad, tri-umphant song, Will it be you?
 3. Someone shall weep when the Lord says, "depart," Will it be you?
 4. Someone shall lin-ger with tears in their eyes, Will it be you?

p.....

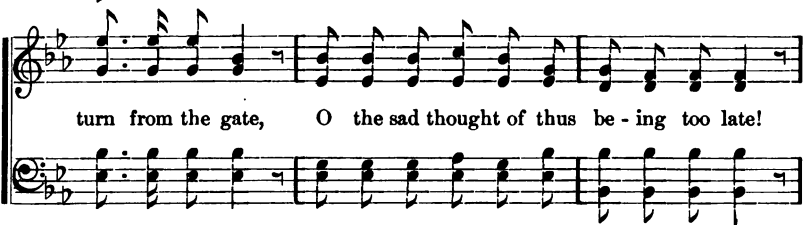


Will it be you? On-ly to find that he's knock-ing too late,
 Will it be you? Longing to join in the praise with that throng,
 Will it be you? Turn from his presence with sor-row-ful heart,
 Will it be you? When the redeem'd ones as-cend to the skies,

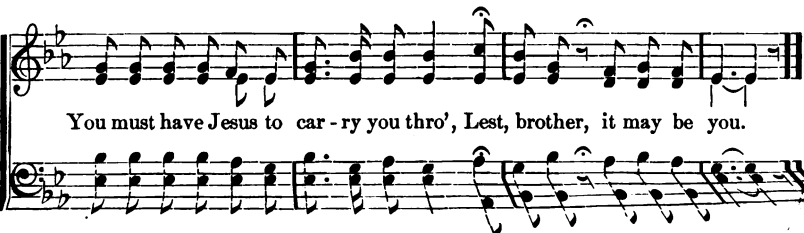
CHORUS.



O tell me, will it be you? Someone re-ject-ed shall



turn from the gate, O the sad thought of thus be-ing too late!



You must have Jesus to car-ry you thro', Lest, brother, it may be you.

No. 30.

A LIGHT ALONG THE WAY.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. The Lord hath made this world of ours Most beauti - ful and bright, The
 2. So ma - ny need a helping hand, A kindly word of cheer, To
 3. Some lives shine out like beacons grand, Some seem but candles small, But

golden sun to rule by day, The moon and stars by night; But souls are wand'ring
 tell them of the mighty Friend Whose grace is always near. O make me prompt to
 if we truly shine for him, The Lord hath need of all. O may his Spirit

far from him, In darkened paths astray; So make me, Saviour, more and more, A
 hear thy voice, And ready to o - bey, That I may be, to saddened hearts, A
 fill my soul And lead me, day by day, That, tho' unworthy, I shall be A

CHORUS.

light along the way. ||: A light along the way, Make me, dear Lord, I pray; Love's

happy rays Show forth thy praise, A light along the way. || light along the way.

No. 31. WAITING FOR ME AT HOME.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

H. P. DANES.

1. How ma-ny dear friends have pass'd on from my sight, To man-sions far
 2. My fa-ther and moth-er have reach'd that blest shore, That coun-try a -
 3. The broth-er and sis-ter that loved me so well, No long-er be -
 4. Those dear lit-tle rose-buds, the light of my eyes, Heard Je-sus say,
 5. So heav-en grows rich as the earth-land grows poor, My treas-ures are

o - ver the foam;..... Safe now in that cit-y of love and of light,
 bobe yon-der dome,..... Their love is the same, for tho' gone on be-fore,
 side me here roam,..... They've reach'd that fair land with their Saviour to dwell,
 "Suf-fer them come;"..... They're safe in his bo-som a - bove the blue skies,
 o - ver the foam;..... They're watching to see if by grace I en - dure,

CHORUS.

They're wait-ing for me at home..... Wait-ing for me,
 at home.

Watching for me, No mat-ter how far I may roam,..... Those loved ones in

glo-ry ex-pect me to come, They're waiting for me at home.....
 at home.

No. 32.

I SHALL BE LIKE HIM.

W. A. S.

REV. W. A. SPOENCER, D. D.

1. When I shall reach the more ex - cel - lent glo - ry, And all my
 2. We shall not wait till the glo - ri - ous dawning Breaks on the
 3. More and more like him, re - peat the blest sto - ry, O - ver and

tri - als are passed, I shall be - hold him, O won - der - ful sto - ry!
 vis - ion so fair, Now we may welcome the heav - en - ly morning,
 o - ver a - gain, Changed by his spir - it from glo - ry to glo - ry,

CHORUS.

I shall be like him at last. }
 Now we his im - age may bear. } I shall be like him, I shall be
 I shall be sat - is - fied then.

like him, And in his beau - ty shall shine; I shall be like him,

won - drous - ly like him, Je - sus, my Sav - iour di - vine.

No. 33. *Andante*

LET HIM IN.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Who is this that's waiting, waiting, Just outside the door? Who is he that's
 2. Don't you hear him saying, saying, "Come, O come to me; 'Twas for you that,
 3. Still his voice is calling, calling, Sweet the tones and low; Bid him enter
 4. Sometime you'll be waiting, waiting, Just outside the gate; Sometime you'll be

knocking, knocking, Has he knocked before? Rise and bid him enter in! Peace and
 dy - ing, dying, Hung I on the tree. Come and see my hands, my side; Look on
 quickly, quickly, Ere he turns to go! Must his pleading be in vain? Must he,
 pleading, pleading, Then 'twill be too late! Now accept your heav'nly guest! He'll for-

hope he'll bring; 'Tis thy Saviour knocking, knocking, 'Tis thy Lord and King,
 me and live; Tho' your sins be many, many, Pardon I can give."
 then, de - part All because his pleading, pleading, Reaches not your heart?
 give your sin! While he still is waiting, waiting, Rise and let him in!

CHORUS.

Let him in! Let him in! He waits out - side the door;

Let him in ere he de - parts To re - turn no more!

No. 34.

KEEP YOUR HEART SINGING.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav - y bur - den share, With a
 2. If his love is in the soul, And we yield to his con - trol, Sweetest
 3. How a word of love will cheer, Kindle hope, and ban - ish fear, Soothe a

word; a kind - ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gird - le day and night,
 mu - sic will the lone - ly hours be - guile; We may drive the clouds a - way,
 pain, or take a - way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

FINE.

With a ha - lo of de - light, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
 Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
 In the world we travel thro', If we keep our hearts singing all the while.

D.S.—If we keep our hearts singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep your hearts singing all the while, Make the world brighter with a
 sing - ing, sing - ing all the while; bright - er,

smile, Keep the song ringing! lone - ly hours we may be - guile,
 brighter with a smile,

D.S.

No. 35.

HE'LL NEVER FORSAKE.

FRANK H. MASHAW.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. "I will fail thee never;" blessed words of cheer, Like a blaze of glo-ry,
 2. "I will fail thee never;" tho' the night be long; Soon the morning cometh
 3. "I will fail thee never;" brightest flow'rs will fade, But my trust in Jesus
 4. "I will fail thee never;" fails the earth and sky, But his bow of promise

shining far and near; Tho' the storm and tempest all around may shake,
 with its light and song; Precious words of comfort to my heart I take;
 ne'er shall be betrayed; Midnight all around me, soon his light will break,
 shineth still on high; Earthly sunbeams vanish, and my heart may quake,

Je - sus, my Saviour, has promised that he will never for - sake.

CHORUS.

No, he'll never for - sake,..... No, he'll never for - sake;..... Dangers a-
 Never forsake, Never forsake;

round me may threaten, Jesus will never for - sake. :|| Jesus will never forsake.

No. 36.

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

E. E. HEWITT.

Matt. 6 : 19, 20.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Have we laid up our treasures in heaven? The land where no moth shall consume,
2. Have we laid up our treasures by caring For those who are lonely and sad?
3. Have we laid up our treasures by trusting The Father, whose help is so nigh?
4. Have we laid up our treasures in heaven, Rich treasures of faith, hope and love?

No beau-ti-ful links shall be riven, No frost blight the lily's fair bloom.
 Each gift and each happiness sharing, To make others grateful and glad.
 Our lives to his counsel adjusting, And serving the Master on high?
 If so, what bright stars shall be given, What blessings await us a - bove!

CHORUS.

Won - derful treasures, heav - en - ly pleasures, Nev - er to
 Wonderful, wonderful treas - ures, heavenly, heav - en - ly pleas - ures, Never to, never to

per - ish, nor fade a - way;..... Won - derful treasures,
 per - ish, nor nev - er to fade, to fade a - way; Wonderful, wonder - ful treasures,

heav - enly pleasures, Are..... we lay - ing up treasures to - day?
 heavenly, heavenly pleasures, Are we now laying up treasures in heaven, our treasures to - day?

No. 37.

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. 'Twas the life of Christ, my Lord, Paid my ran - som, set me free;
 2. O the cross, up - lift - ed high, So that all the world might see,
 3. Such a ran - som ne'er was known, Such a love, to die for me!
 4. Can a sin - ner know the cost? Was it worth a soul like mine

He redeemed me by his blood Shed on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Bears the Lamb of God, to die There on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Wondrous love, to leave a throne, Choosing a cross on Cal - va - ry.
 That a King, to save the lost, Pays the great price with life divine?

CHORUS.

Bought with a price, not of sil - ver or gold; Bought with a

price of a val - ue yet un - told; 'Twas the blood of Je - sus,

shed on Cal - va - ry, Purchased my re - demption and set me free.

No. 38. WHEN GOD HELD OUT HIS HAND.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

H. P. DANKS.

1. A prod - i - gal, lone, sick, and poor, So weak that I could hardly stand,
 2. My life was like a ves - sel toss'd Up - on some lonely o - cean strand,
 3. I read that on Mount Calvary, For me the blessed Saviour planned;
 4. If I but to the end en - dure, Some day before the throne I'll stand,

I heard a knocking at the door, And God held out to me his hand.
 My strength was gone, and hope was lost, When God held out to me his hand.
 'Twas thro' that death upon the tree, That God held out to me his hand.
 For I received the promise sure, When God held out to me his hand.

CHORUS.

Yes, God's own hand, his bless - ed hand, Reach'd
 his bless - ed hand,

out to help a sin - ner stand; I start - ed
 help a sin - ner stand; I start - ed for that

for that bet - ter land, When God held out to me his hand.
 land, that bet - ter land,

No. 39. OUR MISSION CRY IS, "ONWARD!"

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CARL F. PRICE.

1. Our mis-sion cry is, on-ward! No time to fold our hands, The work for
 2. A-mong the poor and low - ly The roy - al standard bear, Some precious
 3. The reap-er's cry is, on-ward, Be-hold the gold-en sheaves, And shall our

souls is earn - est, And all our zeal de-mands. The gos-pel cry is,
 bud of prom - ise May bloom for Je - sus there. Go out a-mong the
 gift to Je - sus Be on - ly with-er'd leaves? The church of God cries

on-ward, The summer days are bright, The har-vest fruits are way - ing
 hedg - es, And dark a-bodes of sin, Proclaim the Saviour's mes-sage,
 on-ward, Then let us all re - ply, With his di-vine as - sist-ance

CHORUS.

Be-neath the ro - sy light.
 And bring the wand'ers in. } Our mis-sion cry is, on - ward, The Mas-ter
 We'll la - bor till we die. }

calls a - way, Our va-cant place is wait-ing, It must be filled to-day.

No. 40.

ENLIST TO-DAY.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. There's a call for val-iant sol-diers in the ar- my of the Lord,
 2. Hear the call "to arms" resounding o- ver val- ley, hill and plain,
 3. In this cen- tu-ry's glad dawning help to ush- er in the day,

That the world from sin's do-min- ion may be free; Who will
 While a-bove the din of bat- tle, clear and strong Rings the
 When all peo- ple shall have heard the gos- pel call; When our

take the gos- pel arm- or, gird- ing on the Spir- it's sword? Who will
 cry for re- in- forcements, sounding o' er and o' er a- gain, Who will
 Christ in ev- 'ry na- tion shall have un- dis- put- ed sway, Ev- 'ry

CHORUS.

answer " here am I, O Lord, send me." } Enlist to-day, then to the
 join our ranks and gladly march along? }
 human tongue proclaim him Lord of all. } En- list to-day,

bat- tle- field away, Be a sol- dier true and brave; Quickly answer to his

ENLIST TO-DAY.—Concluded.

call, for the Lord hath need of all, Help this dying world to save.

No. 41. JUST WHEN I NEED HIM.

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Just when I need him, Je-sus is near, "Mighty to save me," ready to cheer;
2. Just when I need him; light for the way, Heav'nly manna, guidance to-day;
3. Just when I need him, prompting the tho't, Blessing the service trustfully wrought;
4. Just when I need him, crossing the tide, He will be with me, close at my side;

Giv-ing sweet comfort when I am sad, Mak-ing me thankful when I am glad.
 Fresh springs arising from the dry ground, Grace that will freely, richly abound.
 Patience in tri-al, vic-t'ry in strife, Ev-er beside me—wonderful life.
 Safe in his keeping, joy shall be mine, Seeing before me glo-ry divine.

CHORUS.

Just when I need him, praise to his name! Here ev'ry moment, always the same;

Just when I need him, all my life long, Jesus my Saviour, my strength and my song.

No. 42.

SWEET PEACE IS MY PORTION.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sweet peace is my por-tion, my gift from a-bove, Sweet peace in my
 2. I'm trust-ing his keep-ing, on life's checker'd road, I praise him for
 3. All praise, bless-ed Sav-iour, all praise to thy grace, My Light in the

Sav-iour, re-ceive-ing his love; He died to redeem me, he liv-eth on
 bless-ing so free-ly bestow'd; In faith, pure and childlike, still may I a-
 darkness, my Strength in the race; With joyful thanksgiving thy prom-ise I

CHORUS.

high, And gra-cious-ly saves me, as mo-ments pass by.
 bide, And find, as I journey, sweet peace at his side. } Peace, peace,
 see, "All things work to-geth-er for good" un-to me. } Peace, sweet peace,

look-ing a - bove, Peace, peace, trust-ing his love, Peace, peace,
 Bless - ed peace, Peace, sweet peace.

noth-ing can harm, Leaning on his bo-som, And rest-ing on his arm.

No. 43. THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GOD.

MARY A. MCKEE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. With mansions of fairness, And beau-ty, and rareness, And streets with a
 2. Its riv-ers of gladness Will ban-ish all sadness, And sor-row shall
 3. But light will be giv-en, All storm-clouds be riv-en, From o-ver that
 4. No sor-row or sigh-ing, Nor an-guish or dy-ing, Can shad-ow the

pavement of gold; Where no one grows weary,—No prospect is dreary,—
 van-ish a-way; The moon shall not lighten, The sun shall not brighten,
 cit-y of God; We'll view then in wonder, Thro' all that may sunder,
 bliss of that home; And pilgrims who rest there, Forever are blest there,

CHORUS.

And no one can ev-er grow old.
 That cit-y by night or by day. } O there is a cit-y, a
 The path that in sor-row we trod.
 Nor yearn in their rapture to roam.

beau-ti-ful cit-y, Whose builder and maker is God; A far away

cit-y, A won-der-ful cit-y, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.

No. 44. THEY WILL MEET ME OVER THERE.

A. J. C.

ARTHUR WILTON.



1. They will meet me o - ver there In that shin - ing land; At - the
2. Oft I look with ea - ger eyes Thro' the mist of years, And those
3. Then, while here on earth I stay, May I faith - ful prove, For they



portal bright and fair Shall my loved ones stand. They will gladly welcome me
heav'nly mansions rise To my vis - ion near; And in fan - cy I can see,
watch me day by day With glad eyes of love; And they wait and long for me,



As I cross the foam, As I cross the stormy sea, To my heav'nly home!
In that shining place, Smiling once again at me, Each be - lov - ed face!
Till the hour shall come When I cross the stormy sea, To my heav'nly home!



CHORUS.



They will meet me o - ver there, Yes, they'll meet me there, When the



years of earth are past With their toil and care; They will gladly welcome me,



THEY WILL MEET ME OVER THERE.—Concluded.

As I cross the foam; They will meet me over there, They will meet me there.

No. 45.

SUSIE M. BEST.

THE MASTER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET.

1. They crowned the Master's head with thorns; A cross they bade him bare;
2. They scourged the Master as he trod Up Cal - va - ry's as - cent;
3. They pierced the Master in the side; Their lips reviled his name;
4. They nailed the Master to the tree, The curs - ed, cru - el tree;

They laughed at him and taunted him, And mocked his mute despair.
They smote him with their e - vil hands; His pur - ple robe they rent.
And yet, for thee and me he bore The suf - fer - ing and shame.
They spiked his hands and left him there To die for you and me.

CHORUS.

On Cal - va - ry he died for me; He bore my sins on Cal - va - ry;
for me; my sins,

He suffered there, my shame to bear;... He died on Cal - va - ry.

No. 46. THERE'S TIME ENOUGH YET.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

Solo for Soprano or Tenor.

1. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" (Is the song of youth to-
 2. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the cares of life press
 3. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the years glide swiftly

day), For I want my life, which is scarce begun, To be glad and free and
 hard, While the brow is furrow'd with anxious lines, And the hands with toil are
 by, While the sun sinks low in the crimson west, And the night is drawing

gay; Let me taste awhile of the joys of earth, Of its pleasures first par-
 scarred; "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern den-
 nigh; "I am weary now and must rest awhile, There'll be time enough to

take, When I've older grown I will seek the Lord And the paths of sin forsake."
 mands, When my work is done, I will then find time To obey my Lord's commands.
 pray;" But the rest he takes is the sleep of death, And his soul is lost for aye.

CHORUS.

Then turn to the Lord while 'tis call'd to-day, Lest this be thy vain re- gret.

THERE'S TIME ENOUGH YET.—Concluded.

rit.
That my soul is lost! and my life is wreck'd On the rock of "time enough yet."

There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!	There is time for pleasure and time for work,
'Tis the tempter's subtle snare;	And for wealth to seek and hoard,
'Tis the rock on which many lives are Going down in dark despair. [wreck'd,	But alas! alas! for the deathless soul With no time to seek the Lord.

No. 47. SUCH A FRIEND IS JESUS.

JAMES ROWE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis sweet to have a faithful friend On whom we ev - er may de - pend,
2. 'Tis sweet to have a friend who cheers Our spirits thro' the try - ing years,
3. 'Tis sweet to have a friend whose love Doth ev'ry fear of death re - move,
4. O heart of grief, O child of sin, O burden'd one, if you would win

Whose love will last un - til the end, And such a friend is Je - sus.
Who ban - ish - es our doubts and fears, And such a friend is Je - sus.
And fit us for the home a - bove, And such a friend is Je - sus.
The best of friends, let Je - sus in, For such a friend is Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Such a friend is Je - sus, Such a friend is Je - sus; Whatev - er may be -
fall, The tru - est friend of all . Is Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

No. 48. ~~Solo~~ NAILED TO THE CROSS.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUET. *Ad lib.* *man - telled*

1. There was One who was willing to die in my stead That a
 2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me, While he
 3. I will cling to my Saviour and nev - er depart— I will

soul, so unworth - y, might live, And the path to the cross he was
 cleans - es my heart of its dross, But "there's no condem - na - tion"—I
 joy - ful - ly jour - ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

REFRAIN.

will - ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for - give.
 know I am free, For my sins are all nailed to the cross. } They are nailed to the cross,
 song in my heart, That my sins have been taken away. }

pp
 they are nailed to the cross, O how much he was willing to bear! With what

rit.
 anguish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! And he carried my sins with him there.

No. 49. LET THE BLESSED SUNLIGHT IN.

"God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all."—1 John 1: 5.

A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.



1. Would you al-ways cheer-ful be, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
2. Would you brighten drear-y days, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
3. Would you ease a burdened heart, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;
4. Would you speed the truth a-broad, Let the bless-ed sun-light in;



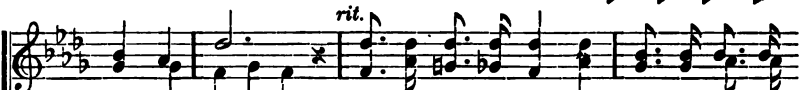
Would you bid the dark-ness flee, Let the blessed sun-light in.
 Would you fill your heart with praise, Let the blessed sun-light in.
 Would you joy and strength im-part, Let the blessed sun-light in.
 Would you bring the world to God, Let the blessed sun-light in.



CHORUS.



Let the bless-ed sun-light, sun-light in, Let the bless-ed
 Let the bless-ed sun-light in,



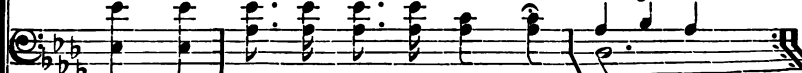
sun-light in! Would you nev-er wea-ry, When the days are
 sun-light in!



Repeat Chorus softly.



drear-y. Let the bless-ed sun-light in!
 sun-light in!



No. 50.

HE CAME TO SAVE SINNERS.

J. R. B.

Jno. R. BRYANT.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. When Jesus left heaven and came to the earth, He came to save sinners, I'm
 2. He walk'd among men of the low-est es-tate, He came to save sinners, I'm
 3. He comes to us all in the Spir-it to-day, He comes to save sinners, I'm

SEMI-CHORUS.

told; He came thro' the manger, the low-li-est birth, He came to save
 told; His pow-er of heal-ing and saving was great, He came to save
 told; He'll save us and keep us, just give him his way, He comes to save

D.S.—He came to save

FINE.

sinners, I'm told. No room in the inn for the King from on high, The
 sinners, I'm told. The lame when bro't to him, he heal'd with delight, The
 sinners, I'm told. All, all once was lost thro' the fall-ing of man, But
 sinners, I'm told.

D.S.

ruler of earth and the sky, Make room in your heart, he the whole world is worth;
 blind gave he ready their sight, Before him fled demons, and death had no weight;
 Jesus brought salvation's plan, His blood now redeems us, then trust him and pray;

No. 51.

HE KNOWS HOW.

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. You ask me how the bless-ed Lord, Could save a sin-ner, vile like me;
2. You ask me how the Spirit's pow'r Can sanc- ti - fy a trust-ing soul?
3. You ask me how, thro' devious ways, His hand can guide my steps aright;
4. You ask me how, when earthly life, With all its cares and toils is past;
5. All questions have been set at rest; All doubts have vanished long a - go;



Could snap my fet-ters with his word, And set the struggling captive free?
 Or how the precious, healing blood, Can cleanse from sin and make me whole?
 His love can com-fort all my days, His smile can make my darkness light?
 He'll conquer for me in death's strife, And land me safe in heaven at last?
 He knows just what for me is best, And, by and by, I too, shall know!



CHORUS.



I do not know, I can-not tell, I on - ly know he saves me now!



crec.



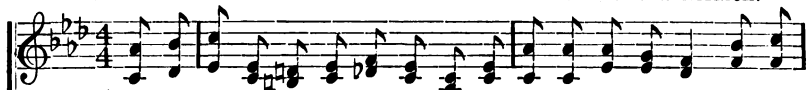
Let hal - le-lu-jah's loud-ly swell, The work is his, and he knows how!



No. 52. NO SHADOW IN THE VALLEY.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There's no shadow in the val-ley, 'tis no longer lone and chill, When our
2. There's no shadow in the valley when the glo-ry-light shines thro', When the
3. There's no shadow in the valley, since the Saviour passed that way; Still the



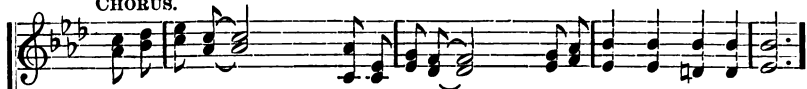
bless-ed Je-sus comes to meet us there; If his rod and staff be with us, then our
bright and pearly gates shall open wide, And the golden harps of heav-en will ring
Light of Life is shining for his own; He will chase away the darkness, he will



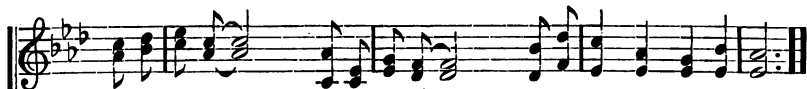
souls shall fear no ill, And a-round us shall encamp his an-gels fair.
out a wel-come true, When we en-ter in the cit-y to a-bide.
turn the night to day, Till we stand before the rain-bow-circled throne.



CHORUS.



There's no shadow in the valley, Leaning on our Saviour there;
There's no shadow in the valley, Leaning on our Saviour there;



There's no shadow in the val-ley, Passing to the mansions fair.
There's no shadow in the valley, Passing to the mansions fair.



No. 53.

PEACE IN CHRIST.

CHARLES A. HOLMES.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Peace that pass-eth un-der-stand - ing Floods my soul since Christ I found,
2. Nev - er need we wait or fal - ter, He is read - y all the time;
3. Saved a - like from sin and sor - row, Rest - ful calm which knows no doubt,
4. Heav'n on earth finds its be - gin - ning, Paths grow brighter ev-'ry day:

Yield - ing self to his com - mand - ing Tread my feed on sol - id ground.
 Step - ping first up - on the al - tar Heav'nly heights we soon shall climb.
 Comes at once, nor waits the mor - row, Fear by per - fect love cast out.
 While the soul new heights is win - ning, Walking where he leads the way.

CHORUS.

Peace in Christ, O wondrous peace, In foll'wing
 Peace in Christ, wondrous peace,

Him from day to day. There is
 foll'w - ing him from day to day, from day to day.

peace, such heav'nly peace, Walking where he leads the way.
 There is peace, heav'nly peace.

No. 54.

NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



- 1. Tho' we've no a-bid - ing cit - y here, 'Mid these changing scenes of time,
- 2. Soon our earthly house shall be dissolv'd, Timely things must pass a - way,
- 3. There are gates of pearl and jasper walls, There are streets of purest gold,
- 4. We shall meet at last, O precious thought! With our battles fought and won,



God has build-ed us a man-sion fair, O- ver in that sun- lit clime.
 But that wondrous house not made with hands Never, never shall de - cay.
 And no shade of dark-ness ev - er falls In that cit - y, we are told.
 In that home of peace and light and love, When our Lord hassaid "well done."



CHORUS.



Not made with hands,..... Not made with hands,.....
 Not made with hands, Not made with hands,



I've an house..... not made with hands, In those bright, ce -
 In those bright, those



NOT MADE WITH HANDS.—Concluded.

les - tial lands,..... I've an house..... not made with hands.
 bright ce - les - tial lands,

No. 55. NEARING THE HOMELAND SHORE.

JAMES ROWE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. The o - cean of life I am cross - ing, And round me the billows roar ;
 2. My voy - age has oft - en been drear - y, And oft - en my heart was sore,
 3. The Saviour—my pilot—has taught me To trust in him more and more,

My boat on the rough waves is tossing, But I'm nearing the homeland shore.
 I've oft - en been troubled and weary, But I'm nearing the homeland shore.
 For safe thro' all storm he has brought me, And I'm nearing the homeland home.

CHORUS.

I'm near - ing, near - ing, Nearing the homeland shore; Tho'
 I'm near - ing the shore, yes, near - ing the shore,

waves rise and roll, there is joy in my soul, I'm nearing the homeland shore.

No. 56.

JESUS IS PRECIOUS TO ME.

WM. APPEL.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. The world has its he-ros and men of renown, Before whom it
 2. The world has its treasures and rich-es un-told, And craves for the
 3. He loved me and gave himself for me to die, He suffered that

bendeth its knee; It meets them and greets them with cheer and with crown, But
 things that you see; It seeks sat-is - faction in sil-ver and gold, But
 I might go free; He's gone to prepare me a mansion on high; Yes,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is precious to me. Je - sus is precious to
 is

me,..... Je - sus is precious to me;..... I love and a-
 precious to - me, is precious to me;

dore him And worship before him, For Jesus is precious to me.

No. 57. *S. Scherl* BELONG TO THE KING.

IDA L. REED.
SOLO OR DUET.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his
2. I be-long to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer-cy and
3. I be-long to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be

pal-ace so fair; For he tells of its bliss in yon heaven a-bove, And his
kindness, so free, Are un-cesing-ly mine, where-soev-er I go, And my
gathered at last In his kingdom a-bove, by life's waters so pure, When this

CHORUS.

children its spendors shall share. } I be-long to the King, I'm a
ref-uge un-fail-ing is he. }
life with its tri-als is past. }

child of his love, And he nev-er for-sak-eth his own; He will call me some

day to his pal-ace a-bove, I shall dwell by his glo-ri-fied throne.

No. 58. DEAR SPIRIT, LEAD THOU ME.

JOHN BELL.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

1. Dear Spir-it, lead me to the Saviour's side, Where my poor soul I may in
 2. For thy sure guidance I've not always sought, Pride spurred me on to think as
 3. But now I place my trembling hand in thine, And take thy counsel, Lord, in-
 4. Sweet Spirit, lead me kindly on I pray, Out of the maze of error's
 5. I know thou wilt, unworthy tho' I be, Safe lead me on, my ris-en

safe-ty hide From wrath divine, now hanging o-ver me, And shall un-
 others tho't, That I a-lone could surely find the way From nature's
 stead of mine; Thou know'st the way, thou art a trusted guide, And to my
 broad'ning way; For it is death to lin-ger there, or stay—With night so
 Lord to see, My loved ones too, who long have gone before, To join their

CHORUS.

til by faith the Lord I see.
 night to realms of endless day.)
 soul can show the Crucified. } Dear Spirit, lead me to his side,
 near, encircling life's short day.)
 ranks, at home, to part no more. } O lead me to his side,

Where my poor soul I may in safe - ty hide; I place my hand in thine;

DEAR SPIRIT, LEAD THOU ME.—Concluded.

O take this soul of mine, Lead on till I behold my Lord, Crucified.

No. 59. WHERE ARE YOUR SHEAVES?

“The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.”—Jer. 8: 20.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. The bright summer days have been fleeting, With sunshine and quick'ning show'rs;
2. The fields that were white for the reaping, Stand sere in the twilight gray;
3. O reaper, go forth to your du - ty, Or ev - er the time is past;

The harvester's cho - rus of greeting Has follow'd the springtime flow'rs.
The harvesters list - en with weeping, To hear what their Lord will say.
The King to be hold in his beau - ty Shall be your re - ward at last.

CHORUS.

{ Where, O where are the golden sheaves? Thou hast gather'd nought but leaves;
Go to sow - ing and la - bor long, (Summer ends with a reaper's song);

Haste, for alas! the harvest may pass, Without an - y gold - en grain; :||
Sing it again, your harvest refrain, Rejoicing with golden..... grain. }

No. 60.

TRUE AND FAITHFUL.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

HOWARD E. SMITH.



1. In the Christian path of du - ty True and faithful I would be,
2. Where the battle fierce is rag - ing, There my sword must never rust;
3. In the hour of tes - ti - mo - ny, There a witness I would be,
4. When before his throne I'm standing, May I hear the Saviour say,



Liv - ing up to God's commandments, Trusting, tho' I cannot see.
 But I would be true to Je - sus, Faithful to my precious trust.
 True and faithful to the Mas - ter Who hath done so much for me.
 "Thou on earth wast true and faith - ful, En - ter in to perfect day."



CHORUS.



Je - sus keep me true and faithful To the trust reposed in me;



Keep me ev - er, bless - ed Saviour, True and faithful, more like thee.



No. 61.

WELCOME HOME.

MAY E. McMILLAN.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. After all our pain and sorrow, sighs and tears, There will come a bright to-
 2. Tho' the shadows gather round us dark and deep, And our hearts are filled with
 3. Far beyond the sunset's glory, we are told, Is a lovely, gleaming

morrow down the years, And we'll hear a voice, with music's sweetest tone,
 sadness while we weep, Yet, far out beyond the shadows we shall roam,
 cit - y, paved with gold, And the Saviour to that cit - y bids us come,

CHORUS.

Crying, Welcome, weary pilgrim, welcome home. } Welcome home, welcome
 When we hear the joyful summons, welcome home. }
 While the angels swell the anthem, Welcome home. }

home, With the white-robed band of angels round the throne; See, the Saviour smiling

stands, And with outstretched, beck'ning hands Bids us sweetly, gladly, welcome home.

No. 62.

JESUS CARETH FOR YOU.

E. RICHMOND.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When your burdens so sore oppress, Je - sus car - eth for you;
2. When your daylight is turned to night, Je - sus car - eth for you;
3. He has gone to prepare a home, Je - sus car - eth for you;
4. In that home, ev - er free from care, Je - sus car - eth for you;

And your tri - als the way distress, Je - sus car - eth for you.
 All the darkness he turns to light, Je - sus car - eth for you.
 He will bid all his loved ones come, Je - sus car - eth for you.
 He will bid you a welcome there, Je - sus car - eth for you.

CHORUS.

||: Yes, he car - eth for you,.... Yes, he car - eth for me;.... Each
 for you, for me;

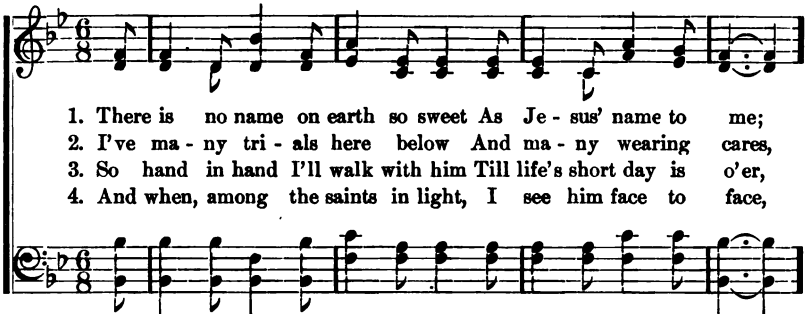
burden you bear The Saviour will share, He careth for you and me. ||

burden you bear The Saviour will share, He careth for you and me.

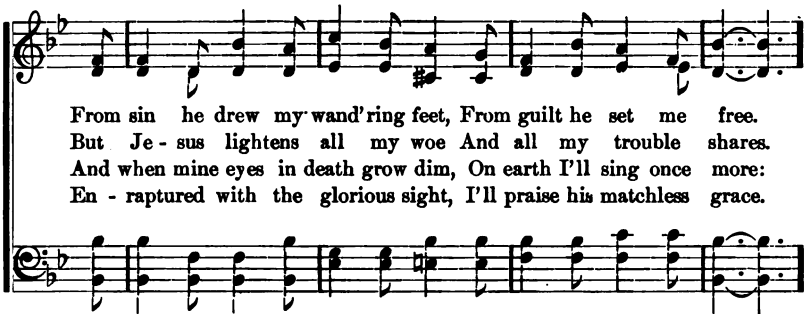
No. 63. HALLELUJAH! JESUS SAVES ME.

REV. J. W. VANCLEVE, D. D.

M. EDWIN JOHNSON.



1. There is no name on earth so sweet As Je - sus' name to me;
2. I've ma - ny tri - als here below And ma - ny wearing cares,
3. So hand in hand I'll walk with him Till life's short day is o'er,
4. And when, among the saints in light, I see him face to face,



From sin he drew my wand'ring feet, From guilt he set me free.
But Je - sus lightens all my woe And all my trouble shares.
And when mine eyes in death grow dim, On earth I'll sing once more:
En - raptured with the glorious sight, I'll praise his matchless grace.

REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves me! From my sins he sets me free;



Precious Sav - iour, mine for - ev - er, Thine I'll ev - er be!

No. 64.

JESUS IS THE ONE.

JAMES ROWE.

ARTHUR WILTON.

1. Brother, if a friend you need, Je - sus is the One; He will be a
 2. Brother, if you need a guide, Je - sus is the One; He will never
 3. If a Saviour you would find, Je - sus is the One; Ev - er faithful,

friend indeed, Je - sus is the One; Ev - 'ry burden he will share,
 leave your side; Je - sus is the One; Clos - er than a brother he
 ev - er kind, Je - sus is the One; He from death will rescue you

Ev - 'ry trouble, ev - 'ry care; Naught a - lone he'll let you bear,
 Ev - er to your soul will be, Keeping you from dan - ger free,
 And your famished soul re - new; If you need a Saviour true,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the One. Je - sus is the One, Je - sus is the

One; Ev - 'ry burden he will share; Je - sus is the One.

No. 65. I'LL BE READY FOR HIS COMING.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When Je-sus comes in glory to call his lov'd ones home, To bear his ransom'd
 2. It may be in the spring-time a-mid the bud and bloom, It may be when the
 3. I'll watch for his appearing with heart kept free from sin, I'll strive to live more
 4. So, then, I'll e'er be watching and praying as I wait, For tho' the time to

ones from earth a-way; It may be in the morning, it may be in the night,
 hills with snow are white, That Christ in all his glo-ry shall call his own a-way
 like him ev-'ry day, That should he come in glory ere death should seal my lips,
 no one is made known, The hour may be approaching when to the radiant skies

CHORUS.

It may be at the dawn of day.
 To regions of e-ter-nal light.
 He'll bear me to my home a-way. } I'll be read-y for his coming, when he
 The King of kings shall call his own.

comes, I'll be ready for his coming, when he comes; I am now a child of God,
 when he comes, when he comes,

For I'm sav'd thro' Jesus' blood, I'll be read-y for his coming, when he comes.

No. 66.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES

J. G. C.

(First Prize Song.)

J. G. CRABBE.

1. I sing the love of God, my Fa-ther, Whose Spirit a-bides with-in;
 2. I sing the love of Christ, my Saviour, Who suffer'd up-on the tree;
 3. I sing the beauty of the Gos-pel That scatters, not thorns, but flow'rs;

What changes all my grief to gladness, And pardons me all my sin.
 That, in the se-cret of his pres-ence, My bondage might freedom be.
 That bids me scatter smiles and sunbeams Wherev-er are lone-ly hours.

Though clouds may lower, dark and drea-ry, Yet he has promis'd to be near;
 He comes "to bind the broken hearted;" He comes the fainting soul to cheer;
 The "garment of his praise" it of-fers For "heavi-ness of spir-it," drear;

FINE.

He gives me sunshine for my shad-ow, And "beauty for ash-es," here.
 He gives me "oil of joy" for mourning, And "beauty for ash-es," here.
 It gives me sunshine for my shad-ow, And "beauty for ash-es," here.

D.S.—gives me sunshine for my shad-ow, And "beauty for ashes," here.

CHORUS.

He gives me joy..... in place of sor - - row;
 He gives me joy in place of care;

BEAUTY FOR ASHES —Concluded.

D.S.

He gives me love..... that casts out fear; He
 He gives me love that casts out fear,

The image shows a musical score for 'Beauty for Ashes' in G major, 4/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'He gives me love..... that casts out fear; He He gives me love that casts out fear,'.

No. 67. FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

MARY B. C. SLADE.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Sweet-by, Lord, have we heard thee call-ing, Come, fol - low me!
2. Though they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek - ing his sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach - ing the word;
4. Though, dear Lord in thy path-way keep-ing, We fol - low thee;
5. By and by, thro' the shin - ing por - tals, Turn - ing our feet,

The image shows the first part of the musical score for 'Footsteps of Jesus' in G major, 4/4 time. It includes five numbered verses of lyrics and their corresponding musical notation.

FINE.

And we see where thy foot-prints falling, Lead us to thee.
 Or a - long by Si - lo-am's fountains, Help - ing the weak.
 Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
 Through the gloom of that place of weep-ing, Geth - sem - a - ne!
 We shall walk with the glad im - mor - tals, Heav'n's golden streets.

The image shows the second part of the musical score for 'Footsteps of Jesus', including the 'FINE' section and a bridge with lyrics: 'And we see where thy foot-prints falling, Lead us to thee. Or a - long by Si - lo-am's fountains, Help - ing the weak. Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord. Through the gloom of that place of weep-ing, Geth - sem - a - ne! We shall walk with the glad im - mor - tals, Heav'n's golden streets.'

D.S.—We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus where - e'er they go.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;

The image shows the chorus of the musical score for 'Footsteps of Jesus' in G major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;'. The score includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

No. 68.

I'VE ANCHORED IN JESUS.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Up - on life's bound-less o - cean where might-y bil-lows roll,
 2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me bless - ed peace,
 3. He is my Friend and Sav - iour in him my an-chor's cast,

I've fixed my hope in Je - sus blest an-chor of the soul.
 His voice hath stilled the wa - ters and bid their tu - mult cease.
 He drives a - way my sor - rows and shields me from the blast.

When tri - als fierce as - sail me as storms are gath-'ring o'er, I
 My pi - lot and de - liv - 'rer to him I all con - fide, For
 By faith I'm look - ing up - ward be - yond life's troubled sea, There

CHORUS.

rest up-on his mer - cy and trust him more. }
 always when I need him, he's at my side. } I've anchored in Je-sus, The
 I be-hold a ha - ven prepared for me. }

storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je - sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've

I'VE ANCHORED IN JESUS.—Concluded.

anchored in Jesus, for he hath pow'r to save, I've anchored to the rock of ages.

No. 69. WE SHALL WALK THE REALMS OF GLORY.

EMMA PITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We shall walk the realms of glo-ry, Where e - ter - nal beauty reigns,
2. We shall walk the realms of glo-ry, With the blood-washed, mighty throng,
3. We shall walk the realms of glo-ry, And by Je - sus' side sit down;
4. We shall walk the realms of glo-ry, Where no tears can ev - er come,

There with ser - aph hosts unnumbered Join the grand, immortal strains.
 We shall join the an - gel harpers In their ev - er - lasting song.
 Clad no more in robes of sorrow, We shall wear a fadeless crown.
 Where the sunlight is not needed, In that sweet e - ternal home.

CHORUS.

We shall walk the realms of glo-ry, With the loved ones gone be - fore;

We shall sing the sweet, old sto - ry, O - ver on the other shore. *rit.*

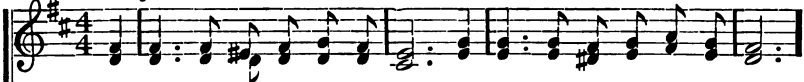
No. 70.

HE WALKS WITH ME.

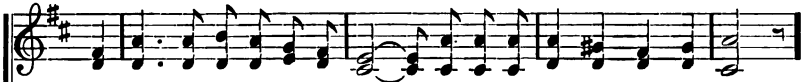
LIZZIE DEARMOND.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Slowly.



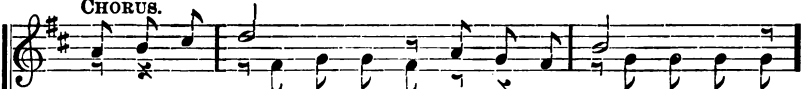
1. His bless-ed face I can-not see, But still be-side me day by day,
2. Ah, not my own am I, for he Hath bound me with the cords of love;
3. Oft hedged with thorns I find my way, But still his presence bears me thro' ;
4. Close clinging to that blessed hand, By faith I jour-ney here be - low,



I know my Saviour walks with me, And leads me so I can - not stray.
 Thro' life, thro' death, he guideth me To mansions fair prepared a - bove.
 From strength to strength I go each day, Supported by this Friend so true.
 Con-tent that in the bet-ter land The goodness of my Lord I'll know.



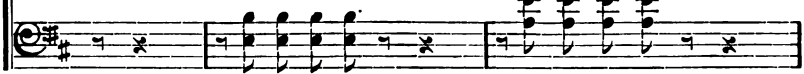
CHORUS.



He walks with me, He walks with me, he walks with me, he walks with me,



Oh, what a joy Oh, what a joy his child to be! his child to be! Ex - ult-ing -



ly Ex - ult-ing - ly my heart can sing, Glad hal - le - lu - jahs to my King.
 my heart can sing,



No. 71. WHEN I STAND ON THE STREETS OF GOLD.

A. N. O.

J. M. BLACK.

Slow, with expression.

1. The burdens of life may be ma - ny, The frowns of the
 2. With joy I shall en - ter the cit - y, The face of my
 3. Earth's sorrows will all be for - got - ten, And I shall be

world may be cold, To me it will nev - er - more mat - ter,
 Sav - our be - hold, And I shall be changed and be like him,
 safe in his fold, Shut in with my Lord and my loved ones,

CHORUS.

When I stand on the streets of gold. When I stand on the streets of

gold, When I stand on the streets of gold, Love-crown'd, I'll a-

bide in his pres - ence, When I stand on the streets of gold.

No. 72. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur- den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
 2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
 3. Would you be whit- er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r 'n the blood,
 4. Would you do serv- ice for Jesus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans- ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly his prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won- der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is . pow'r, pow'r,
 There is pow'r,

wonder-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
 In the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
 There is pow'r,

No. 73.

WHEN JESUS DIED.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. O sin of mine, that bowed his head In bit - ter grief and woe;
 2. O door to self that o - pens not, But keeps a King with - out;
 3. O light of love from those sad eyes, That searches for the key;
 4. The cross and crown and purple robe A new - er glo - ry wear;

O heart of mine that would not yield Tho' he hath loved it so;
 With hinges rusted by the rain Of un - be - lief and doubt.
 Now, Lord, I yield and bid thee come And bring thy peace to me.
 And lo, the lovelight in those eyes Re - flects my im - age there.

CHORUS.

O cross, O crown, O pur - ple robe, O love-kissed hill of Cal - va - ry!

What pain, what grief, what hope was there, When Jesus prayed and died for me!

No. 74.

A STEP ON THE THRESHOLD.

A. J. C.

MRS. J. G. WILSON.

1. A step on the threshold, a knock at the door, The One who stands waiting has
2. Why keep him there standing? Respond to his knock! O hasten in gladness the
3. O doubt, then, no longer, but fling wide the door To him who so often has

wait-ed be-fore; 'Tis Je - sus who knocks at the portals of sin; O
 door to un-lock! Why linger in sin? Why wait in the night, When
 wait-ed be-fore; 'Tis Je - sus who knocks at the portals of sin; O

CHORUS.

will you not rise and now bid him come in? }
 Je - sus is waiting to give thee the light? } Bid him come in! He'll
 will you not rise and now bid him come in? }

cleanse you of sin! Thy darkness shall vanish and sunshine come in! Bid him come

in! He'll cleanse you of sin! Thy darkness shall vanish and sunshine come in!

No. 75. TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

D. E. D.

D. E. DORTCH.

Not too fast.

1. Someone will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
 2. Someone will hear the an- gels' song, And wish he could join with the
 3. Someone will stand with an ach - ing heart, While Jesus pronounces the
 4. Someone will lin - ger with tearful eyes, While Christ and his people as-
 5. Someone will go in - to darkness drear, Far off from the Saviour and
 6. Someone will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wailings no

can - not come;" With sadness he'll mourn o'er his sorrow - ful state, Turned a-
 hap - py throng; With sighing he'll mourn o'er his sorrow - ful state, Turned a-
 word "depart;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sorrow - ful state, Turned a-
 cend the skies; With weeping he'll mourn o'er his sorrow - ful state, Turned a-
 all that's dear; With anguish he'll mourn o'er his sorrow - ful state, Turned a-
 tongue can tell; With horror he'll mourn o'er his sorrow - ful state, Turned a-

CHORUS.

way from the beau - ti - ful gate. Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful

gate, Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate; With sadness he'll

mourn o'er his sorrowful state, Turned away from the beau - ti - ful gate.

No. 76.

SOME GLAD MORNING.

HARRIET E. JONES.

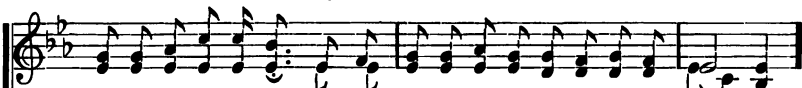
H. P. DANKS.



1. We shall meet the King of heaven some glad morning, Where the palms and crowns are
2. We shall meet the dear departed some glad morning, Who have left us broken-
3. We shall hear the songs of gladness some glad morning, With no chilling note of
4. We shall tell the dear old story some glad morning, Giving Je - sus all the



giv - en, some glad morning; Done with ev - 'ry earthly du - ty, Rise to
hearted, some glad morning: With our own be re - u - nit - ed Where no
sadness some glad morning; We will join the happy chorus With the
glo - ry, some glad morning; Tell the list'ning angels round us How our



see him in his beauty, Some glad morning, some glad morning, golden morning
cherished hopes are blighted, Some glad morning, some glad morning, golden morning.
saints gone on before us, Some glad morning, some glad morning, golden morning.
Saviour sought and found us, Some glad morning, some glad morning, golden morning.



CHORUS.



O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Praises to our dear Redeemer, Some glad



morning, some glad, golden morning, Thro' the cleansing blood so precious We shall
Praise the Lord,



SOME GLAD MORNING.—Concluded.

rise to live with Jesus, Some glad morning, some glad morning, golden morning.

No. 77. WHAT JOY IT GIVES ME.

JAMES ROWE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. To tell the matchless story of my Saviour's love, What joy, sweet joy, it gives me!
2. To tell the world that Jesus washed my sins away, What joy, sweet joy, it gives me!
3. To know that he can comfort ev'ry soul that grieves, What joy, sweet joy, it gives me!
4. To tell why Jesus suffered so and bled and died, What joy, sweet joy, it gives me!

To tell why he descended from his home above, What joy it gives me!
 To know that if I follow him I shall not stray, What joy it gives me!
 To tell the sad and sorrowing that Christ relieves, What joy it gives me!
 To lead a weary sinner to his wounded side, What joy it gives me!

CHORUS.

What joy, wonderful joy, What perfect joy it gives me!
 Wonderful joy, wonderful joy,

To tell the matchless story of the Saviour's love, What joy it gives me!

No. 78. PEACE THROUGH THE BLOOD.

E. E. HEWITT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Come while God is call-ing, hear his word to - day, Peace thro' the
 2. Sink the past for - ev - er 'neath the cleansing tide, Peace thro' the
 3. Bless-ing free and boundless flowing from a - bove, Peace thro' the
 4. Tell the joy - ful sto - ry ev - 'ry-where you go, Peace thro' the

blood of the cross; Take the gift he of-fers, come without de - lay,
 blood of the cross; Let the Ho - ly Spir - it in your heart a - bide,
 blood of the cross; Ev - er - last - ing mer - cy, ev - er - last - ing love,
 blood of the cross; Till the wide world o - ver, ransom'd souls shall know,

CHORUS.

Peace thro' the blood of the cross. Peace!..... wonder-ful
 Peace! wonder-ful peace!

peace!..... Peace!..... wonderful peace!.....
 Peace! wonderful peace! Peace! wonderful peace! Peace! wonderful peace!

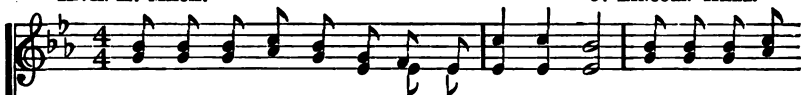
1
 2
 Peace thro' the blood of the cross; Peace thro' the blood of the cross.

No. 79.

LIGHT BEYOND THE SHADOWS.

IRVIN H. MACK.

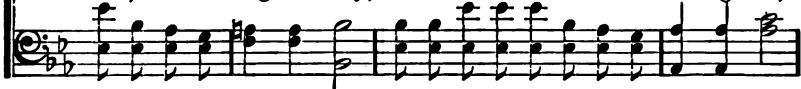
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. When the troubles gath - er And the bil - lows roll, Dark the way be -
2. Tho' you can - not fathom Why you're called to bear All the heavy
3. Go, with faith, to conquer Tri - als that appear; Know that Christ your
4. Tho' se - vere the con - flict And the anguish' deep; Tho' the tri - als
5. Tried and found not wanting Will the Mas - ter say; Tried, yet ev - er



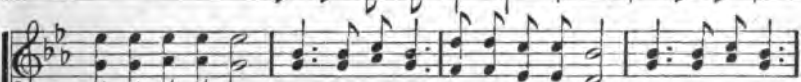
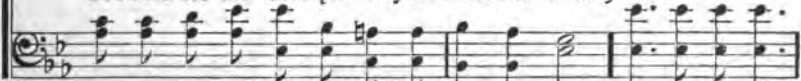
fore you, Cares oppress the soul, There is blessed sunshine Just beyond your view;
 burdens That you cannot share, Keep the cross before you in the darkest day;
 Saviour With his help is near. Ne'er give up the battle, Hard though it may be,
 heavy That may o'er you sweep; God is always near you, Giving strength to bear
 faith - ful, All a - long life's way; Tried as in the furnace Of re - fin - ing fire,



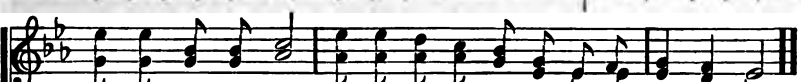
CHORUS.



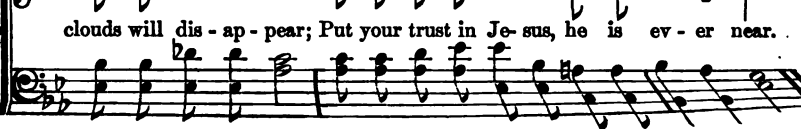
Oft 'tis but a tri - al You are go - ing thro', } See the sunlight,
 Put your trust in Je - sus All a - long the way.
 For your Lord has promised You the vic - to - ry.
 All the heav - y burdens When they shall ap - pear.
 You shall see the triumph of your heart's de - sire. }



shining bright and clear; Blessed sunlight drives away all fear; Look above you,



clouds will dis - ap - pear; Put your trust in Je - sus, he is ev - er near. .



No. 80.

STILL SWEETER EVERY DAY.

W. C. MARTIN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. To Je-sus ev-'ry day I find my heart is closer drawn ; He's fairer than the
 2. His glo-ry broke upon me when I saw him from a-far ; He's fairer than the
 3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but he comes with sweet relief ; He folds me to his

glo-ry of the gold and purple dawn ; He's all my fan-cy pictured in its
 lil-ly, brighter than the morning star ; He fills and sat-is-fies my longing
 bosom when I droop with blighting grief ; I love the Christ who all my burdens

fairest dreams, and more ; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day before.
 spirit o'er and o'er ; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day before.
 in his bod-y bore ; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day before.

CHORUS.

The half..... cannot be fan-cied this side..... the golden
 The half cannot be fancied on this side the golden shore, The half cannot be fancied on this

shore ; O there..... he'll be still sweeter than he ev-er was be-fore.
 side the golden shore ; than he ev-er was be-fore.
 O there he'll be far sweeter than he ever was before,

No. 81.

I LEFT THEM AT THE CROSS.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I am free from condem - nation, Ful - ly saved and sat - is - fied;
 2. I was weak and heav - y lad - en With a load I could not bear,
 3. I was poor, despised, for - sak - en, Ma - ny years I went a - stray,
 4. Now my life is full of sunshine, It is heaven here be - low;

All my sins have been re - mit - ted By the Sav - iour cru - ci - fied.
 But I fled to Cal - v'ry's mountain All my sins were canceled there.
 But at last I found the Saviour, He has washed my sins a - way.
 Ev - 'ry sin has been for - giv - en, They are un - derneath the flow.

CHORUS.

For I left..... them at the cross, At the
for I left at the cross,

cross..... of Cal - va - ry; Un - der
at the cross Cal - va - ry;

neath the blood, the precious blood That was shed to make me free.

No. 82.

SPEAK TO MY SOUL

L. L. P.

Adapted by L. L. PROBERT.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in tend' rest tone; Whisper in
 2. Speak to thy children ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way; Fill them with
 3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal thy will; Let me know

lov - ing kindness: "Thou art not left a - lone." O - pen my heart to hear thee,
 joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in consecra - tion
 all my du - ty, Let me thy law ful - fill. Lead me to glo - ri - fy thee,

Quickly to hear thy voice, Fill thou my soul with praises, Let me in thee rejoice.
 Yield their whole lives to thee, Hasten thy coming kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see.
 Help me to show thy praise, Gladly to do thy bid - ding, Honor thee all my days.

CHORUS.

{ Speak thou in soft - est whis - pers, Whis - pers of love to me;
 { Speak thou to me each day, Lord, Al - ways in ten - d' rest tone;

1
 2
 "Thou shalt be al - ways conq'ror, Thou shalt be al - ways free."
 Let me now hear thy whisper, "Thou art not left (Omit.....) a - lone." }

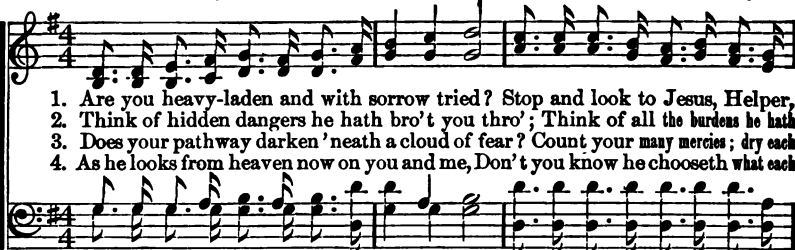
No. 83.

COUNTLESS MERCIES.

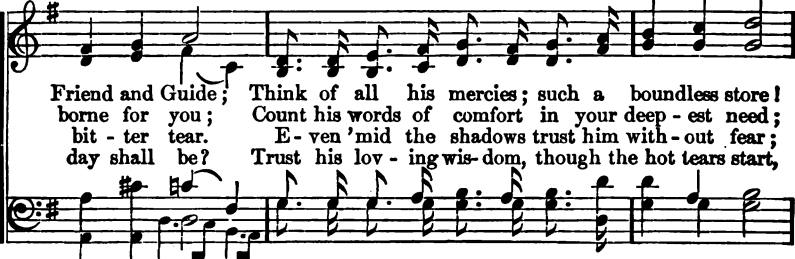
"According to the multitude of his mercies."—Lam. 3: 32.

FLOBA KIRKLAND.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

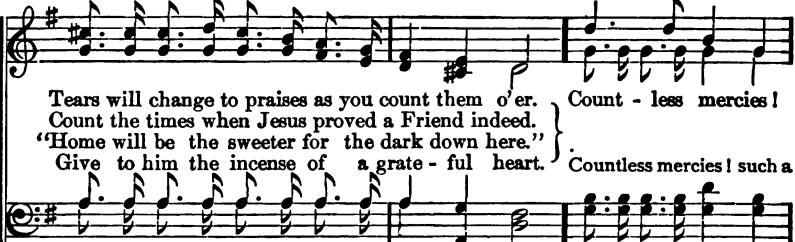


1. Are you heavy-laden and with sorrow tried? Stop and look to Jesus, Helper,
 2. Think of hidden dangers he hath bro't you thro'; Think of all the burdens he hath
 3. Does your pathway darken 'neath a cloud of fear? Count your many mercies; dry each
 4. As he looks from heaven now on you and me, Don't you know he chooseth what each

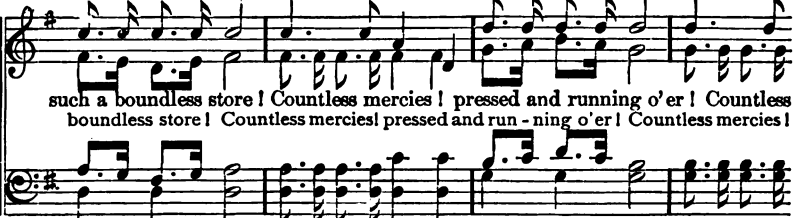


Friend and Guide; Think of all his mercies; such a boundless store!
 borne for you; Count his words of comfort in your deep-est need;
 bit-ter tear. E-ven 'mid the shadows trust him with-out fear;
 day shall be? Trust his lov-ing wis-dom, though the hot tears start,

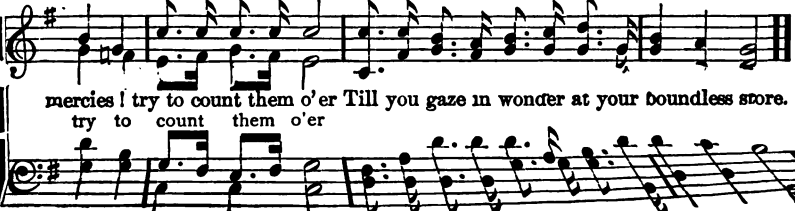
CHORUS.



Tears will change to praises as you count them o'er. Count-less mercies!
 Count the times when Jesus proved a Friend indeed.
 "Home will be the sweeter for the dark down here." }
 Give to him the incense of a grate-ful heart. Countless mercies! such a



such a boundless store! Countless mercies! pressed and running o'er! Countless
 boundless store! Countless mercies! pressed and run-ning o'er! Countless mercies!



mercies! try to count them o'er Till you gaze in wonder at your boundless store.
 try to count them o'er

Childs
No. 84.

THE CLOUD AND FIRE.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As of old when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil-der-
 2. To and fro as a ship with-out a sail, Not a compass to guide them
 3. All the days of their wand' rings they were fed, To the land of the promise

ness to dwell, Trust-ing they in their God to lead the way To the
 thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their
 they were led, By the hand of the Lord in guidance sure, They were

CHORUS.

light of per-fect day. }
 faint-ing hearts to cheer. } So the sign of the fire by night, And the
 brought to Canaan's shore. }

sign of the cloud by day, Hov' ring o'er, just be-fore, As they journey

on their way, Shall a guide and a leader be, Till the wilderness be past,

THE CLOUD AND FIRE.—Concluded.

For the Lord our God in his own good time, Shall lead to the light at last.

No. 85. LET THE DEAR SAVIOUR COME IN.

JENNIE MORTON.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. Je - sus is soft - ly knocking, Let him come in, let him come in;
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Let him come in, let him come in;
3. Are you so wea - ry weeping? Let him come in, let him come in;
4. O - pen to him the por - tal, Let him come in, let him come in;

List to his ten - der plead - ing, Let the dear Sav - iour in.
 Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Let the dear Sav - iour in.
 Je - sus will bear your sor - row, Let the dear Sav - iour in.
 You will re - ceive his bless - ing, Let the dear Sav - iour in.

CHORUS.

Just now throw o - pen the door, Let him come in, let him come in;
 4th v. Just now I o - pen the door, Saviour, come in, Saviour, come in;

Just now he waits to forgive, Let the dear Sav - iour in.....
 Just now I know he forgives, Je - sus has en - tered in.....
just now.

No. 86.

ABOVE THE BRIGHT BLUE.

C. E. P. Alt.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful place call'd heav-en, It is hid - den a -
 2. This laud of sweet rest a - waits us, Some day it will
 3. When he left his be - lov'd dis - ci - ples, He said, as he
 4. We know not when he shall call us, Whether soon, the glad

bove the bright blue, Where the good, who from earth-ties are riv - en,
 break on our view, 'Tis promised by Christ the Re-deem - er,
 bade them a - dieu, "I go to pre-pare you a man-sion,
 summons shall be, But we know, when we pass o'er the riv - er,

CHORUS.

Live and love an e - ter - ni - ty thro'.
 To his fol - lowers faith-ful and true. } A - bove the bright blue, the
 And soon I'll be send-ing for you."
 The glo - ry of Je - sus we'll see.

beau - ti - ful blue, Je - sus is wait-ing for me and for you;

Heav-en is there, not far from our sight, Beau-ti - ful cit - y of light.

No. 87.

IN HIS SERVICE.

IDA L. REED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. In the serv-ice of the Mas-ter, There is joy, and peace, and rest, As we
 2. Onward then with joy we're pressing At his ho-ly, blessed will, And his
 3. Oh, we're happy in his serv-ice, As the days are glid-ing by, And his

follow where he leads us, E'er o-bey-ing his be-hest. O there's glory, glo-ry,
 love our hands will strengthen, Ev'ry du-ty to fulfill. All the heav'nward path is
 ho-ly presence cheers us, He is ever, ever nigh. And when love's sweet labor's

glo-ry, Growing brighter ev'-ry day, As we strive to serve him tru-ly,
 shin-ing With the glo-ry of his love, As our feet are up-ward climb-ing
 end-ed, He will call us home to rest In the bright e-ter-nal mansions

CHORUS.

In his own ap-point-ed way.
 Toward his kingdom fair-a-bove. } O there's glory, glo-ry, glo-ry, Growing
 In the "Cit-y of the Blest." }

brighter ev'ry day, As we strive to serve him truly, In his own appointed way.

No. 88. I'LL NEVER CEASE TO LOVE HIM.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I'll never cease to love him, he's done so much for me; I know full well no
 2. I'll never cease to love him nor of his love to tell, That all may see his
 3. I'll never cease to love him, tho' trials may be sore And sinful foes my
 4. I'll never cease to love him while life on earth shall last, For soon or late the

word can tell of all his grace Thus shown to one, a sinner, yet
 love is free, and ask to know About this loving Saviour who
 way oppose my soul to slay; I know his word is stronger than
 gold - en gate shall o - pen wide And heaven's light shall guide me a -

by his blood redeemed, Who longs to view his glory and to see his face.
 died on Cal - va - ry, Up - on the cruel cross, because he loved me so.
 an - y foe I'll meet, His grace is sent to strengthen me from day to day.
 long the valley dark And Jesus' love shall bear me safe o'er Jordan's tide.

CHORUS.

I'll nev - er, no, I'll nev - er cease to love him! Yes, I

love him! O I love him! I'll nev - er, no, I'll
 Yes, I love him! O I love him!

I'LL NEVER CEASE TO LOVE HIM.—Concluded.

nev - er cease to love him! He is all in all to me! to me!

No. 89. THE TOUCH OF JESUS.

MARIAN W. HUBBARD.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. A touch from the hand of Je - sus, Dear hand, nail-pierced for me;
2. A touch from the hand of Je - sus, Who hears each moan and sigh;
3. A touch from the hand of Je - sus Will cool thy fev - ered brow;
4. A touch from the hand of Je - sus, O soul why still de - lay?

A touch from the hand of Je - sus Has set my spir - it free.
 A touch from the hand of Je - sus; Just now he pass - es by.
 A touch from the hand of Je - sus Will make thee whole just now.
 A touch from the hand of Je - sus Will wash thy guilt a - way.

CHORUS.

O blessed touch of the Father's Son, Forgiv - ing touch for the penitent one;

Whose hand is ne'er outstretched in vain, Touching dead hearts to life a - gain.

No. 90.

CHRIST-LIKENESS.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. What won-der-ful, won-der-ful mer-cy is this? God wants us to
 2. "Be ho-ly (said Je-sus), for ho-ly am I," God wants us to
 3. With love that en-dur-eth, and hop-eth all things, God wants us to
 4. See mil-lions now struggling in sin's aw-ful night, God wants us to
 5. O pen-i-tent broth-er, get un-der the blood, God wants you to

be like him here; In love and in pur-i-ty like as he is.
 be like him here; And grace all suf-fi-cient will free-ly sup-ply,
 be like him here; And faith which in tri-al tri-umph-ant-ly sings,
 be like him here; That we may win ma-n-y from dark-ness to light,
 be like him here; There's won-der-ful vir-tue in Cal-va-ry's flood,

CHORUS.

God wants us to be like him here.....
 God wants us to be like him here.....
 God wants us to be like him here.....
 God wants us to be like him here.....
 We all may be-come like him here.....

Won-der-ful! 'tis

won-der-ful! That mor-tals his likeness should bear; Yet this is his

will for you and for me, God wants us to be like him here.

No. 91.

HEAVENLY SUNLIGHT.

Rev. H. J. ZWELTY.

G. H. COOK.

1. Walking in sun-light, all of my jour-ney; O-ver the mountains,
 2. Shadows a-round me, shadows a-bove me, Nev-er con-veal my
 3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Press-ing my way to

through the deep vale; Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,
 Sav-iour and Guide He is the light, in him is no dark-ness,
 mansions a-bove; Sing-ing his prais-es, glad-ly I'm walk-ing,

CHORUS.

Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail. }
 Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to his side. } Heav-en-ly sun-light,
 Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love. }

heav-en-ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine: Hal-le-

lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Singing his prais-es, Je-sus is mine.

No. 92.

ALL FOR ME.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

SOLO.

1. Wea-ry and wan-d'ring and sunk-en in sin, Vile as a
 2. Foot-sore and wea-ry he toil'd all the way, E-ven to
 3. Still I re-ject-ed your Sav-iour and mine, Till I be-

sin-ner could be, Je-sus be-held and to Beth-le-hem came,
 Geth-sem-a-ne, Oft I have met him and heard his sweet voice,
 held on the tree, Suf-fer-ing, dy-ing, my Sav-iour and yours,

Left his bright throne for me, Left his bright throne for me.
 Praying for me, for me, Praying for me, for me.
 Dy-ing for you and me, Dy-ing for you and me.

CHORUS.

All for me, All for me? Lord was it all for me? From the
 was it

all for me,

throne to the man-ger, From there to the cross, Yes, it was all for me.

No. 93.

WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la- bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy will it be when his face I be-hold Living gems at his

sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
 winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When his
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there

CHORUS.

be an-y stars in my crown? } Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,
 praise like the seabillow rolls. }
 be an-y stars in my crown. }

When at evening the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest
 go-eth down?

In the man-sions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?.....
 an - y stars in my crown?

No. 94.

WHEN I GET HOME.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILLS.

1. I shall wear a golden crown, When I get home; I shall lay my
 2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the
 3. I shall see my Saviour's face, When I get home; Sing a - gain of

bur - dens down, When I get home; Clad in robes of glo - ry,
 light at last, When I get home; Light from heaven streaming,
 sav - ing grace, When I get home; I shall stand be - fore him;

I shall sing the sto - ry Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.
 O'er my pathway beaming, Ev - er guides me onward Till I get home.
 Gladly I'll a - dore him; Ev - er to be with him, When I get home.

CHORUS.

When I get home, When I get home, All
 When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, when I get home,

sor - row will be o - ver, When I get home; When I get home, When
 When I get home, when I get home, When

WHEN I GET HOME.—Concluded.

I get home, All sorrow will be o-ver, When I get home.
I get home, when I get home,

No. 95.

SING SONGS OF JUBILEE.

"We hanged our harps upon the willows."—Psalm 137: 2.

KATE ULMER.

PAULINE GILMOUR HATCH.

1. Ye people of the Liv - ing God, Lift up your heads and sing;
2. Why should his people mournful be? Why should their songs be stilled?
3. Once sold for naught to serve as slaves, Our precious birthright lost;
4. Tho' in the land of strangers now, Surrounded by the foe,

To mag - ni - fy his ho - ly name Let ev - 'ry glad harp ring.
We're free! we're free! O sing it o'er Till ev - 'ry heart is thrilled!
Our blest Redeem - er ransomed us At great and fear - ful cost.
Ere long with songs and shouts of joy To Zi - on fair we'll go.

CHORUS.

O let no harp be si - lent now, Sing songs of ju - bi - lee;

The cap - tor's pow'r is o - vercome, Praise God, praise God, we're free!

No. 96. WHEN THOU HAST SHUT THY DOOR.

E. E. HEWITT.

ADAM GRIBEL.

1. Come near to thy Fa - ther and tell him thy need, When
 2. He "seeth in se - cret," he knows all thy grief, When
 3. Tho' low at the cross falls the pen - i - tent tear, When
 4. There drink - ing so free - ly from heav - en - ly springs, When

thou..... hast shut thy door; His
 thou..... hast shut thy door; His
 thou..... hast shut thy door; His
 thou..... hast shut thy door; Re -
 thou hast shut thy door, When thou hast shut thy door;

love and his mer - cy, his prom - is - es plead, When thou..... hast
 com - fort - ing Spir - it will bring thee re - lief, When thou..... hast
 read - y forgiveness will bring thee good cheer, When thou..... hast
 newed, day by day, thou shalt find eagle wings, When thou hast
 thou hast shut thy door,

CHORUS.

shut thy door..... }
 shut thy door..... } Close on the world the door of thy heart,
 shut thy door..... }
 shut thy door..... }
 When thou hast shut thy door.

WHEN THOU HAST SHUT THY DOOR.—Concluded.

Turn from its cares, its pleasures a-part; Thy Father will bless thee wher-

ev - er thou art, When thou..... hast shut thy door.
 thou hast shut thy door, When thou hast shut thy door.

No. 97.

NEARER, STILL NEARER.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Near-er, still near-er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-iour, so
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an off'ring to
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my

precious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shel-ter me
 Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin-ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
 glad-ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
 an-chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be Near-er, my

safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
 cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
 Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Jesus, my Lord cruci-fied.
 Saviour, still near-er to thee, Nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to thee.

No. 98. *solo*

FOLLOW ME.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Jesus call'd the rug-ged fish-ers By the sea of Gal-i-lee,
2. Up the mountain side so drear-y, Echoing down the rocky steep,

"If thou wouldst be my dis-ci-ple, Leave thy nets and fol-low me."
Hear the Shepherd's voice so tender, Calling for his wand'ring sheep;

So his gen-tle voice is call-ing, Wea-ry sin-ner, calling thee,
"Sheep of mine, why art thou straying On the mountains bleak and cold?"

"Leave the world and sin be-hind you, Take thy cross and fol-low me."
Follow me, I'll safe-ly lead you To the shel-ter of the fold."

FOLLOW ME.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Very softly.*

Where he leads me I will follow, Where he leads me I will follow;

Where he leads me I will follow, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

3 "I have watched thee growing weary
In the desert wastes of sin;
I have yearned to have thee near me,
And have tried thy heart to win.
I would give thee peace and comfort,
Rest from all this sin and strife,
Follow me, and I will guide thee,
I'm the Way, the Truth, the Life."

4 "Follow closely in my footprints,
To the right or left ne'er stray;
Straight the gate, the way is narrow,
But it leads to endless day.
In my Father's house in glory,
Mansions fair are waiting thee;
Give thy weary wand'rings over,
Take thy cross and follow me."

No. 99. NO SHADOWS YONDER.

H. BONAR, D.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. No shadows yonder! All light and song! Each day I wander, And say, "how long
2. No weeping yonder! All fled away! While here I wander, Each weary day,
3. No partings yonder! Nor time nor space! Hearts e'er shall sunder, In that blest place;
4. None wanting yonder! Bought by the Lamb! No more to wander; Crown, robe, and palm;

Shall time me sunder From that dear throng? Shall time me sunder From that dear throng?"
And sadly ponder My long, long stay! And sadly ponder My long, long stay!
Dearer and fonder, Sav'd by his grace; Dearer and fonder, Sav'd by his grace.
Loud as night's thunder, Chant heav'n's glad psalm; Loud as night's thunder, Chant heav'n's glad psalm.

No. 100.

IS IT ALL FOR ME?

FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a bless-ed old sto-ry, so wondrous-ly sweet, That I
 2. In that bless-ed old sto-ry I heard long a-go There's a
 3. In that bless-ed old sto-ry, un-changing, yet new, There's a
 4. And that bless-ed old sto-ry more won-der-ful grows As it

heard, and it seemed like a dream, For it told of a Saviour so
 fountain whose deep wa-ters flow With pow-er di-vine to wash
 prom-ise of strength for the weak, And for those who have fallen, tho'
 tells of a cit-y, most fair, Where no sor-row can en-ter, nor

gra-cious and kind, Who had died on a cross to re-deem. Then I
 sin stains a-way And cleanse the heart whiter than snow. Then my
 oft it may be, There's help for each one who may seek. So I
 sick-ness, nor death, Nor sin in its hap-pi-ness share; And it

looked thro' my tears to the hill far a-way, Where I saw Him, by
 soul in its need sought the stream far and wide, For I read "for the
 read it again, and my heart throbbed with joy, Lo! "My grace is suf-
 tells of a mansion he's gone to prepare For all who from

IS IT ALL FOR ME?—Concluded.

faith, on the tree, And I asked, as I heard him pray "Father, forgive,"
 sin - ful 'tis free," And I asked, as I plunged in its crimson-dyed flood,
 fi - cient for thee;" And I asked, as I came to the One who has died,
 sin here are free, And I asked, as I read it a - gain and again,

REFRAIN. *piu mosso.*

Is it true? Can it all be for me? It is true! It is true! So

rit.
 wondrous and true, For the Saviour from sin sets me free!..... It is
sets me free!

true! It is true! So wondrous and true! It is all for me, for me!.....
for me!

No. 101.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

TEND MY SHEEP.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Have you heard the Master say - ing, "Go and feed my lambs to - day?
2. Have you heard the Shepherd calling, "Bring the wand' rers to the fold
3. "If ye love me, keep my say - ing: Go and tend my sheep to - day;
4. Then how sweet, when night is falling, Not to come to him a - lone!



On the mountains they are straying, Faint with hunger, far a - way." "Ere the ev'ning shades are fall - ing O'er the mountains drear and cold?" "Far from home their steps are straying, From the straight and narrow way." "O what joy to hear him calling, "Come, ye faithful, to my throne!"



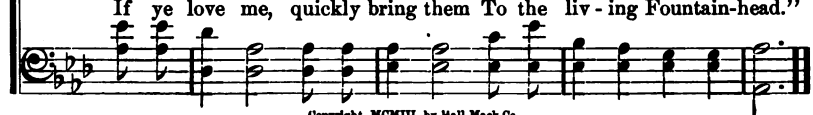
CHORUS.



"If ye love me, go and win them; Take to them the heav'nly bread;



If ye love me, quickly bring them To the liv - ing Fountain-head."



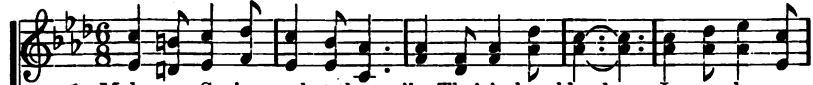
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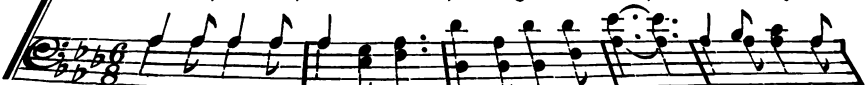
L. E. J.

WHAT THOU WILT.

L. E. JONES.



1. Make me, Saviour, what thou wilt, Tho' in humble place It may be my
2. Lead me, Saviour, where thou wilt, Take my hand in thine; With the glory
3. Teach me, Saviour, what thou wilt; May I know thy Word, So that I may
4. Give me, Saviour, what thou wilt, Be it gain or loss; If I may but



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WHAT THOU WILT.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

lot to dwell, Showing there thy grace.
of thy love Make my way to shine. } Not my own, not my own,
ev-'ry day Glo - ri - fy my Lord.
see thy face, I will bear the cross.

Thine my life shall be; I would not for self retain Anything from thee.

No. 103. SHALL WE GATHER IN THE MORNING?

WM. P. SIMMINGTON.

ARTHUR WILTON.

1. Shall we gather in the morning Of the day that has no night?
2. When the saints of all the a - ges Gather round the great white throne,
3. We shall walk the plains of glo - ry In yon sunny land of bliss;
4. O the joy of that bright morning When we reach the blessed land,

Fine.

Yea, the tear-drops of our mourning Shall give place to songs of light.
We will tell how God, so gracious, Led us to our heav'nly home.
We shall sing the old, old sto - ry In a brighter world than this.
With the heav'nly chorus join - ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

D.S.—We will follow in his foot-steps 'Till we reach our heav'nly home.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Ho - ly Spirit, be our com - fort In the valley while we roam;

No. 104.

CHILDREN OF THE KING.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

ARTHUR WILTON.

1. Long a - go 'twas told in sto - ry of the children of our God, How their
 2. Are we children of the Kingdom? Do our lives show forth the love That bro't
 3. Are we growing meek and lowly, like the One who walked with men, Sharing
 4. If our lives reflect his glory, we shall daily praise his love, Tell the

lives showed forth his glory far abroad, And I tho't, "If we'd resemble him whose
 down to earth our King, who reigns above? Are we growing to the measure of the
 all their griefs and sorrows, toil and pain? Are our lives more pure and holy since our
 sto - ry till we reach our home above; And the song of our redemption thro' the

like - ness we shall wear, We must serve him that his image we may bear."
 per - fect Pattern fair Giv'n to us that of his glo - ry we may share?
 hearts have let him in? Are we cleansed from ev'ry known or hidden sin?
 courts of heav'n will ring, When we join the ransomed army of the King.

CHORUS.

If we bear..... the Saviour's like - ness, We shall
 If we bear the Saviour's like - ness, We shall dai - ly grow in grace. If we

dai - - - - ly grow in grace,..... Changed from
 bear the Saviour's likeness, We shall dai - ly grow in grace, Changed from

CHILDREN OF THE KING.—Concluded.

glo - - - ry in - to glo - ry, Till we see his blessed face.
glory in - to glo - ry, Till we see his blessed face,

No. 105.

NO NIGHT THERE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. 'Tis sweet to think, as night comes on, Dark and drear, E'er stars come twinkling
2. 'Tis sweet to think, when round us lie Grief and care, That Jesus hears the
3. 'Tis sweet to think that we shall be Free from sin, When thro' the shining

one by one Earth to cheer, There is a world where comes no night, It needs no
softest sigh Breathed in prayer; And if we love him we shall see That land from
portals we En - ter in, Behold the Lamb upon the throne, Be claimed by

sun or moon to light, For Jesus' presence makes it bright. No night there.
sin and sorrow free, And O we know that there will be No night there.
Je - sus as his own, In regions ev - er bright and fair. No night there.

CHORUS. *legato.*

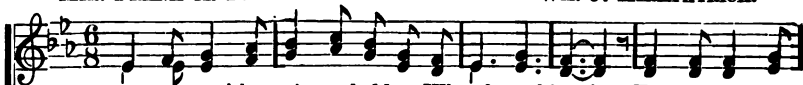
No night there, No night there, For Jesus' presence makes it bright; No night there.

No. 106.

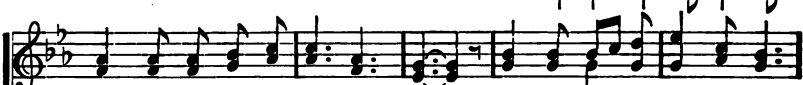
WHEN LOVE SHINES IN.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

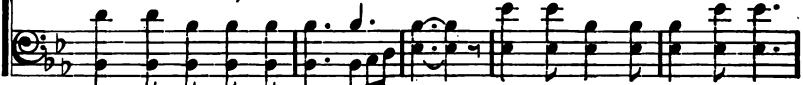
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



- 1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
- 2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re -
- 3. Darkest sorrows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
- 4. We may have unfading splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship



woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray;
 joyce in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
 bur - den, lighter, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
 true and tender, When love shines in. When earth - vic' ries shall be won



Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
 And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - rified, When love shines in.
 Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
 And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.



CHORUS.



When love shines in,..... When love shines in, How the heart is
 When love shines in,.....



When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

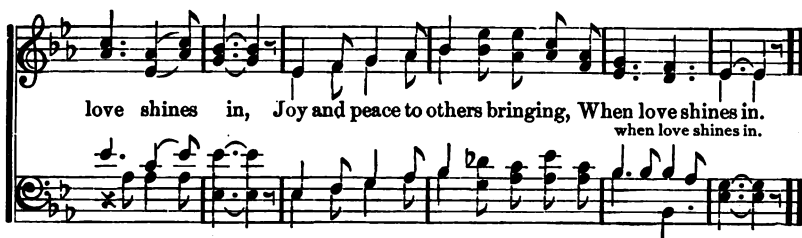


tuned to singing, When love shines in;..... When love shines in,..... When
 When love shines in;..... When love shines in,.....



When love shines in, When love shines in,

WHEN LOVE SHINES IN.—Concluded.



love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
when love shines in.

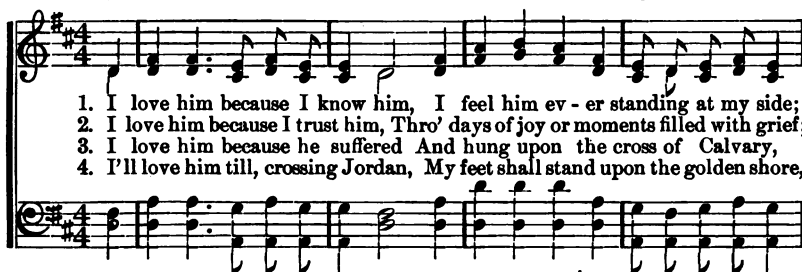
When love shines in,

No. 107.

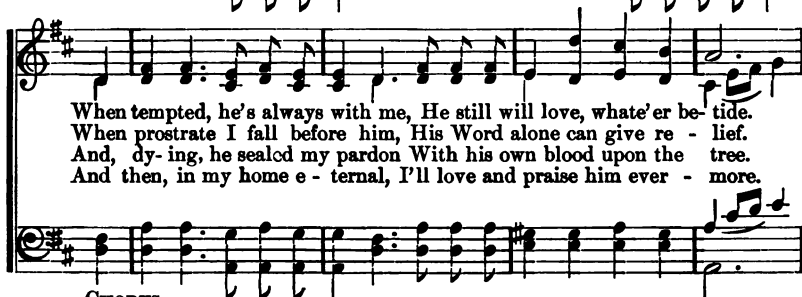
C. A. M.

I LOVE HIM.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



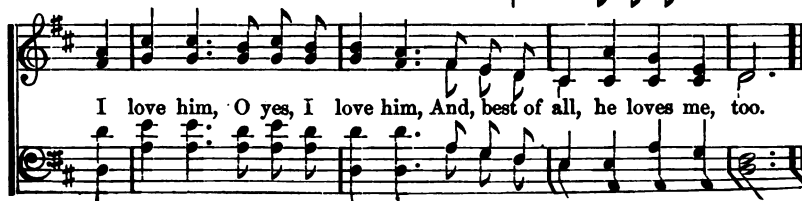
1. I love him because I know him, I feel him ev - er standing at my side;
2. I love him because I trust him, Thro' days of joy or moments filled with grief;
3. I love him because he suffered And hung upon the cross of Calvary,
4. I'll love him till, crossing Jordan, My feet shall stand upon the golden shore,



When tempted, he's always with me, He still will love, whate'er be-tide.
When prostrate I fall before him, His Word alone can give re - lief.
And, dy- ing, he sealed my pardon With his own blood upon the tree.
And then, in my home e - ternal, I'll love and praise him ever - more.

CHORUS.

I love him, my dear Redeemer, He is so loving, so tender and so true;



I love him, O yes, I love him, And, best of all, he loves me, too.

No. 108.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

E. E. HEWITT.

(Revised.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a light a - bove, There are smiles of love, When in
 2. Tho' the rain - drops fall In the hearts of all, In our
 3. Let us trust the Lord, Trust his gra - cious word, That no

Je - sus we a - bide; There are gold - en rays Cheering
 Fa - ther we con - fide; There are heav'nly gleams, And sweet
 good will be de - nied; With a faith in him That no

rug - ged ways; Let us keep on the sun - ny side.
 prom - ise beams, When we keep on the sun - ny side.
 shad - ows dim, Let us keep on the sun - ny side.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Keep on the sun - ny side, Keep on the sun - ny side,

Harmony.

Walking in light, Our souls will be bright; O keep on the sun - ny side.

No. 109.

I KNOW HE'S MINE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's One a-bove all earthly friends Whose love all earthly love transcends,
 2. He's mine because he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;
 3. He's mine because he's in my heart, And nev-er, nev-er will we part;
 4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo-ry shall behold,

It is my Lord and Christ divine, My Lord, because I know he's mine.
 With joy I worship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
 Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
 Then, while his arms around me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

CHORUS.

I know he's mine, this friend so dear, He lives with
 I know he's mine, this friend so dear,

me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand
 He lives with me, he's ev - er near;

charms . . around him shine, . . And, best of all, I know he's mine.
 Ten thousand charms around him shine,

No. 110.

DOING HIS WILL.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his word, Just to feel I am
 2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the
 3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je - sus for

his ev-'ry day; Just to walk by his side with his Spir-it to guide, Just to
 Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to trust and be still, Just to
 my dearest friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to obtain, True and

CHORUS.

fol - low where he leads the way. Just to say what he wants me to
 lean - on his bos - om and rest. what he
 faith - ful he'll be to the end.

pp
 say, And be still when he whispers to me;..... Just to
 wants me to say, when he whispers to me;

go where he wants me to go,..... Just to be what he wants me to be.
 where he wants me to go,

No. 111. WAITING WITH JOYFUL HEARTS.

ADA BLENKHORN.

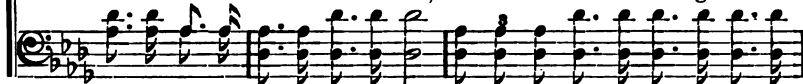
E. S. HOWARD.



1. Waiting with joyful hearts to hear our blessed Lord's command, Ready beneath the
2. Keeping the blood-stain'd cross and victor's crown before our view, Praying for grace and
3. Knowing the God of battles will his soldiers true defend, Trusting his promise



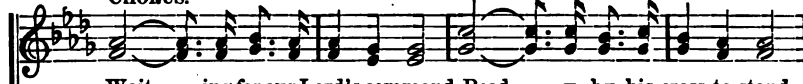
ban-ner of his cross to take our stand; Follow-ing in his steps thro' cloudless strength the conflict dai-ly to re-new; Forward we press, that we at last may that he will be with us to the end; We will en-dure as see-ing him who



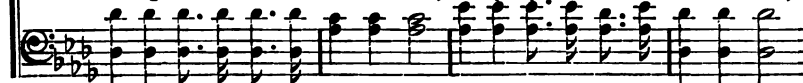
day or darkest night, Loyal and true to him amid the thickest of the fight. win the glorious prize Jesus will give to all his faithful ones beyond the skies doth our place prepare, Where weshall see him face to face, and all his glory share



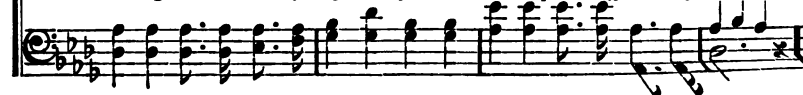
CHORUS.



Wait - ing for our Lord's command, Read - y by his cross to stand,
 Wait-ing for our bless-ed Lord's command, Read-y by his cross to take our stand,



Walk - ing in the steps of Je - sus To..... the promised land.
 Walk-ing in the ver - y steps of Je - sus To the peace-ful, peace-ful promised land.



No. 112. STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

ADAM GEIBEL,

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey, Forth to the mighty
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
 con - flict, In this his glorious day; "Ye that are men now serve him" A -
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A

army shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord indeed.
 gainst unnumber'd foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
 piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls, or danger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,

high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

No. 113. DRAW NEARER, JESUS.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

Rev. WM. STONE.

1. Draw near - er, Je - sus, how good thou art, Draw near - er, Je - sus,
2. Draw near - er, Je - sus, I need thee so, Draw near - er, Je - sus,
3. Draw near - er, Je - sus, leave not a - lone, Draw near - er, Je - sus,
4. Draw near - er, Je - sus, 'stab - lish my feet, Draw near - er, Je - sus,

near - er my heart; Thou knowest I love thee far more than all, Just now come
where'er I go; Come quickly to me, come as I pray, Just now come
I am thy own; Sa - tan as - sails me, be thou my shield, Just now come
make me complete; Teach me the les - sons, all I should learn, Just now come

5 Draw nearer, Jesus, give me thy peace,
Draw nearer, Jesus, and doubts will cease;
Give me thy presence, answer my cry,
Just now come nearer, lest I die.
near - er, lest I fall.
near - er, lest I stray.
near - er, lest I yield.
near - er, lest I turn.

6 Draw nearer, Jesus, fill me with love,
Draw nearer, Jesus, lift me above;
Stay close beside me, lest I should roam,
Just now come nearer, guide me home.

No. 114.

'TIS LOVE, REDEEMING LOVE.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Faith-ful is he, and great his mer-cies are, Last-ing is his love,
 2. Love found a way to res-cue fall-en man, Love so full and free,
 3. "Love is the chain, the gold-en chain that binds, Hap-py souls a - bove,

last-ing is his love; All thro' his word his prom-is - es de-clare, His
 love so full and free; 'Twas love that formed and carried on the plan, And
 hap-py souls a - bove; He is an heir of heav'n in-deed who finds, His

CHORUS.

love shall nev-er move. }
 sent my Lord to me. } 'Tis love, 'tis love, re-deeming love, 'Tis love thr
 bo-som glow with love." }

ev - er will a - bide,..... 'Tis love that knows no ebb nor
 that ev - er will a - bide,

flow,..... 'Tis love that opened wide a crimson tide, That washes white as snow.
 no ebb nor flow,

No. 115.

I AM GLAD.

FRANK E. GRAEFF.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. I am glad that of the Father loved our fallen, sinful race, I am
 2. I am glad that Je- sus came to earth to seek and save the lost, I am
 3. I am glad that when I came to him, a sinner, lost, undone, I am
 4. I am glad for all the peace and joy I have in him, each day, I am

glad, I am glad; I am glad for all the kindness of his
 glad, I am glad; I am glad he paid the ransom price, tho'
 glad, I am glad; I am glad he spoke the word of peace and
 glad, I am glad; And for all the sweet communion in this
 I am glad, I am glad;

D. S.—glad that all the wonders of his *Fine.*

matchless, boundless grace; I am glad,..... I am glad.
 at such wondrous cost, I am glad,..... I am glad.
 bid my fears be gone, I am glad,..... I am glad.
 bless- ed heav'nly way, I am glad,..... I am glad.
 I am glad, I am glad!

glo- ry I shall see, Hal- le - lujah! (Hallelujah!) I am glad!
 CHORUS.

I am glad he bought my pardon with a price so full and free; I am

D. S.

glad he opened heaven's gates so wide for you and me; I am

No. 116. NO CONDEMNATION, NO SEPARATION.

JENNIE EVELYN HUSSEY.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

To my esteemed friend, Professor W. E. Wooden.

1. Who shall ev - er sep - arate us from the wondrous love of Christ? Neither
 2. Who is he that shall condemn us, when our Lord for us hath died? And he
 3. Who shall ev - er separate us from the love of Christ, our Lord? Neither

per - se - cution, famine, nor distress; Princi - pal - i - ties nor powers, neither
 said, "I'll not condemn you; sin no more." For the love of God is broader than all
 per - ils on the sea or on the land; Not imprisonment nor fasting, nor the

angels from on high E'er shall cause that love to weaken or grow less.
 oth - er love beside, And our sins by Je - sus' blood are covered o'er.
 swift, relentless sword; Never foe disturb, and nev - er trait - or stand.

Neither height nor depth can sever from that love so strong and pure, For he
 He has promised to forget them, and remove them far a - way—All the
 When his en - emies are conquered and our vic - to - ry is won, When the

CHO. — There is now no condemnation; for he took our sins a - way, And he

promised ne'er to leave us nor forsake; So we'll trust in him forever, for the
 heavy load of guilt and sin and shame. And our ransom has been purchased that doth
 hosts of sin at last are put to flight, We shall join the ransomed army at the

nailed them to his cross on Calva - ry. There can be no sep - aration; for "He's

NO CONDEMNATION, NO SEPARATION.—Concluded.

D. S. for Chorus.



Word of God is sure—Till at last in his own likeness we awake.
make us free today, Signed and sealed and given us in Je-sus' name.
set - ting of the sun, In the land of ev - er - last - ing love and light.



just the same to-day," And his love still reaches out to you and me.

No. 117. WELCOME, HOLY COMFORTER.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O blessed Ho - ly Spir - it! Most precious, welcome Guest! In thine a -
2. Thy silent, mighty presence Uplifts and comforts me; Thy pow'r il -
3. Thou bringest to remembrance, In time of fear or need, The word thy
4. Thou seal of my re - demption, O Com - forter di - vine! Rejoic - ing



CHORUS.



biding presence My soul hath found sweet rest.	} Welcome, welcome, Welcome, welcome,
lumes God's message That I its love may see.	
pow'r hath taught me, Thou Comforter indeed!	
in thy presence, I know that Christ is mine!	



ri - tard - an - do.



Spirit from a - bove, Ho - ly Comforter, Seal of perfect love.
Blessed, Holy

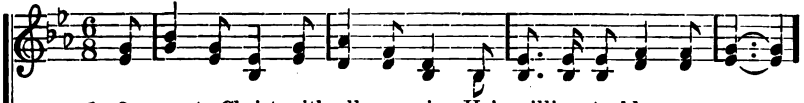


No. 118.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

WILLING TO BLESS.

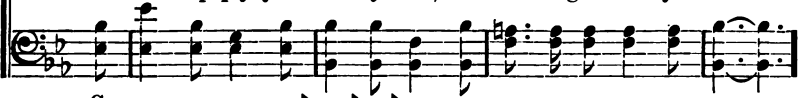
Rev. Wm. STONE.



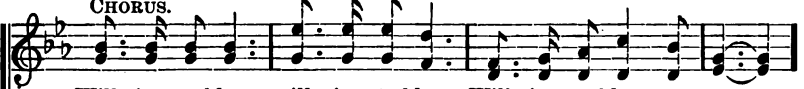
1. O come to Christ with all your sin, He's willing to bless you now;
2. O come to Christ with all your grief, He's willing to bless you now;
3. O come to Christ with all your care, He's willing to bless you now;
4. O come to Christ, your friend indeed, He's willing to bless you now;



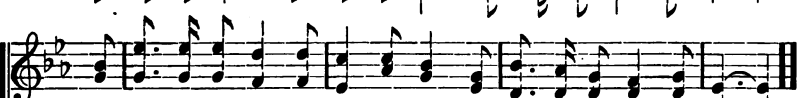
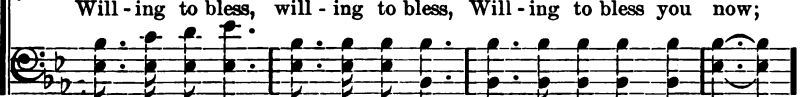
And he will make you pure within, He's will-ing to bless you now.
 And he will give you sweet re- lief, He's will-ing to bless you now.
 'Tis his de- light to answer pray'r, He's will-ing to bless you now.
 And he'll sup- ply your ev- 'ry need, He's will-ing to bless you now.



CHORUS.



Will - ing to bless, will - ing to bless, Will - ing to bless you now;



He'll answer your pray'r, your burdens bear, He's willing to bless you now.



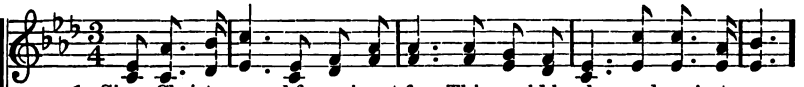
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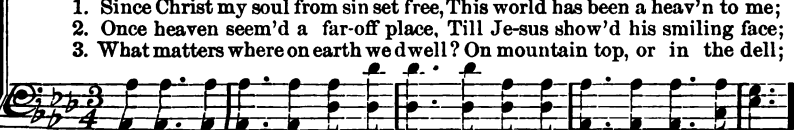
C. F. BUTLER.

WHERE JESUS IS, 'TIS HEAVEN.

J. M. BLACK.



1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heaven seem'd a far-off place, Till Je-sus show'd his smiling face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell;



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WHERE JESUS IS, 'TIS HEAVEN.—Concluded.

And 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je- sus here to know.
Now it's be- gun with- in my soul, 'Twill last while endless a- ges roll.
In cottage, or a mansion fair, Where Je- sus is, 'tis heav- en there.

CHORUS.

O hal- le- lu- jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;

On land or sea, what matters where, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav- en there.

No. 120. FOR YOU HE DIED.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

FINE.

1. { O soul, unsav'd from all your sin, If you should stand to-night
And knock and wait at heaven's gate, Would Jesus' (Omit.....) voice invite? }
2. { O since for you he shed his blood Up on the cru- el tree,
With outstretch'd hands hewaiting stands, To give you (Omit.....) pardon free. }

D.C.—O come to him to-day and win A- bundant (Omit.....) entrance there.

CHORUS. D.C.

For you he died, to o- pen wide The pearl- y gates so fair;

3 O wand'ring one, the Shepherd kind
Is seeking you to-day;
Where'er you roam afar from home,
He follows where you stray.

4 And when you trembling turn to him,
And heed his loving voice,
Around the throne where stand his own
The ransomed saints rejoice.

No. 121.

I WILL BEAR THE CROSS.

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt.

REV. WM. STONE. Arr.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
 3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 But now they taste un - mingled love, And joy without a tear.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

CHORUS.

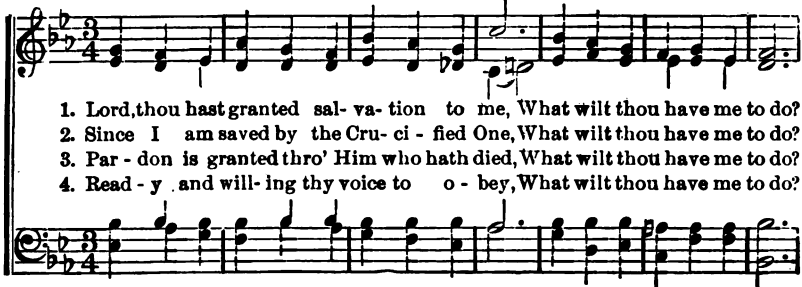
I..... will bear the cross for Je - sus, I..... will bear the cross for Jesus,
 I will bear the cross, I will bear the cross,

I..... will bear the cross for Je - sus, He bore the cross for me.
 I will bear the cross, for me.

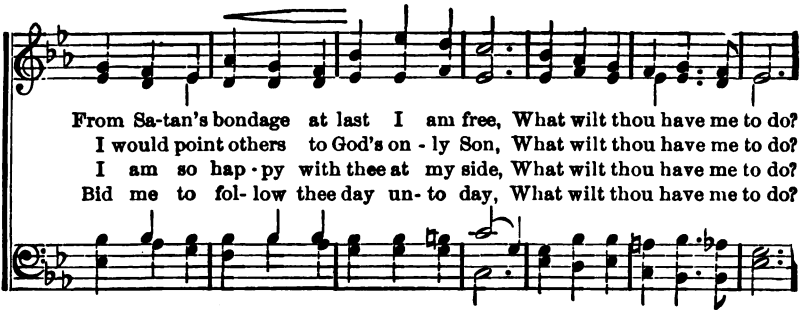
No. 122. WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

B. A. R.

Arr. from M. C. by P. P. BILHORN.

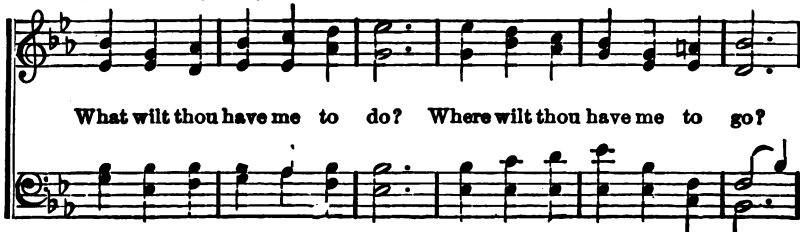


1. Lord, thou hast granted sal-va-tion to me, What wilt thou have me to do?
2. Since I am saved by the Cru-ci-fied One, What wilt thou have me to do?
3. Par-don is granted thro' Him who hath died, What wilt thou have me to do?
4. Read-y and will-ing thy voice to o-bey, What wilt thou have me to do?



From Sa-tan's bond-age at last I am free, What wilt thou have me to do?
I would point others to God's on-ly Son, What wilt thou have me to do?
I am so hap-py with thee at my side, What wilt thou have me to do?
Bid me to fol-low thee day un-to day, What wilt thou have me to do?

REFRAIN. *Faster.*



What wilt thou have me to do? Where wilt thou have me to go?



Je-sus, my Mas-ter, thy will shall be mine, What wilt thou have me to do?

No. 123.

THE INNER CIRCLE.

Dedicated to Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., and first sung in the Union Meetings at Mount Vernon in November 1898.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

W. S. WEELEN.

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have chosen you?"
 2. As the first dis - ci - ples followed, As they went where'er he sent;
 3. Or, if he shall choose to send us On some er - rand in his name,
 4. Master, at thy foot-stool kneeling, We, thy children, humbly wait;

Does he tell you in commun - ion What he wish - es you to do?
 So to - day we, too, may fol - low, On his lead - ing still in - tent.
 We can serve him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
 Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heaven's gate.

CHORUS.

Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?
 Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?

rit.
 Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is he now your All in all?
 Have you giv'n your

No. 124.

MY SAVIOUR.

A. A. PATR.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. He will hear me when I call, He will help me when I fall, My Saviour, my
2. I will la- bor, I will pray, I will trust him ev'ry day, My Saviour, my
3. When I'm weary and distressed, I will go to him for rest, My Saviour, my
4. May I nev- er, never stray From thy precious side away, My Saviour, my



Saviour ; He will give me strength to bear Ev'ry grief that may appear ; My
Sav - iour ; I will look to him in faith, I will trust him un-til death ; My
Sav - iour ; To his loving arms I'll fly, Ev-'ry need he will supply, My
Sav - iour ; Naught of e- vil will I fear, While I have my Saviour near ; My



CHORUS.



all in all is he. Yes, a sat - is - fy - ing portion is my Saviour, My



Saviour, my Saviour ; My rock, my stay, by night and day My all in all is he.



No. 125. WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. What are you do - ing for Je - sus, As you jour - ney thro life?
 2. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Are you striv - ing each day,
 3. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Soon comes set - ting of sun ;

Sow - ing the grain for the har - vest, Or scat - ter - ing seeds of strife?
 By lit - tle acts of kind - ness, To bright - en some one's way?
 Hast - en and tell the glad tid - ings, Lest you leave some work un - done.

CHORUS.
 What are you do - - ing, Do - - ing for Je - sus?
 What are you do - ing for Je - sus your friend? What are you doing for Jesus to day?

What are you do - - ing, As the days go by?.....
 What are you do - ing for Je - sus your friend, As the days go by, days go by?

What are you do - - ing? Do - - ing, for Je - sus?
 What are you do - ing for Je - sus your friend? What are you doing for Jesus to - day?

What are you do - - ing, As the days go by?.....
 What are you do - ing for Je - sus your friend, As the days go by, days go by?

No. 126.

CONSECRATION.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. My bod - y, soul, and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee, A con - se - cra - ted
 2. O Je - sus, mighty Saviour, I trust in thy great name, I look for thy sal -
 3. O let the fire, descend - ing Just now up - on my soul, Consume my humble
 4. I'm thine, O blessed Je - sus, Wash'd by thy precious blood, Now seal me by thy

CHORUS.

off - 'ring, Thine ev - er - more to be.
 va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim. } My all is on the al - tar, I'm
 off - 'ring, And cleanse and make me whole. }
 Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.

rit.
 wait - ing for the fire; Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

From "Notes of Joy." By per.

No. 127.

ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed his pre - cious blood, Rich blessings to be - stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And he will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in his word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;
 He will save you, he will save you, He will (Omit.....) save you now.

* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only Trust Him"

No. 128. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

SIDNEY DYER.

LOWELL MASON

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; }
 { Work, while the dew is sparkling, (Omit.....) } Work 'mid springing flow'rs;

D.C.—Work, for the night is coming, (Omit.....) When man's work is done.

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 I'll brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for the daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

No. 129. THE GOSPEL FEAST.

CHARLES WESLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Cho. by H. L. G.

1. Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
 2. Ye need not one be left be - hind, It is for you, it is for me;

Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus' guest: It is for you, it is for me.
 For God hath bid - den all man - kind, It is for you, it is for me.

D.S.—O wea - ry wan - d'r'er, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.

Sal - va - tion full, sal - va - tion free, The price was paid on Cal - va - ry;

3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
 The invitation is to all:

4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
 All things in Christ are ready now.

5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
 Ye restless wanderers after rest;

6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.

7 My message as from God receive;
 Ye all may come to Christ and live:

8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain.

9 See him set forth before your eyes,
 That precious, bleeding sacrifice:

10 His offered benefits embrace,
 And freely now be saved by grace.

No. 130.

I WILL GO.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for strength of
 2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-night I'll
 3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can never heal my woe; I will rise at
 4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll, Jesus' blood will
 5. I o-bey the Sav-iour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his feet, where

CHORUS.

faith to say, Je - sus died for me. }
 try a - gain, Je - sus, help thou me. } Can it be, O can it be
 once and go, Je - sus died for me. }
 make me whole, Je - sus died for me. }
 oth - ers fall, There's a place for me. }

There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je - sus died for me. *rit.*

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No. 131.

WHILE JESUS WHISPERS.

WILL E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. { While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { While we are pray-ing for you, Come, (Omit.....) sin - ner, come!

{ Now is the time to own him, Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Now is the time to know him, Come, (Omit.....) sin - ner, come!

2 Are you too heavy laden?
 Come, sinner, come!
 Jesus will bear your burden,
 Come, sinner, come!
 Jesus will not deceive you,
 Come, sinner, come!
 Jesus can now redeem you,
 Come, sinner, come!

3 Oh, hear his tender pleading,
 Come, sinner, come!
 Come, and receive the blessing,
 Come, sinner, come!
 While Jesus whispers to you,
 Come, sinner, come!
 While we are praying for you,
 Come, sinner, come!

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No. 132.

DOWN AT THE CROSS.

WM. McDONALD.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I am com-ing to the cross, I am poor and weak and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sigh'd for thee, Long has e - vil dwelt with-in;
 3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earth-ly store,
 4. In the prom - is - es I trust, In the cleans-ing blood con-fide;
 5. Je - sus comes, he fills my soul, Per - fect - ed in love I am,

I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va-tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me; "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod - y, thine to be— Whol - ly thine for ev - er - more.
 I am prostrate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
 I am ev - 'ry whit made whole, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

CHORUS.

Down at the cross J lay my sins, There at the cross they lie;

Down at the cross I lay my sins, There at the cross I'll die.

Copyright, 1901, by C. Austin Miles.

No. 133.

SAVED THROUGH JESUS' BLOOD.

J. W. V.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

1. Some-time we'll stand before the judgment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
 2. I'll then receive a bright and star-ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
 3. Then we shall meet to nev - er part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;

The Lord will then make known the record there; Our names will all be read.
 And when I've been with him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
 We'll lay our burdens down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for - ev - er more.

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SAVED THROUGH JESUS' BLOOD.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'll be present when the roll is called, Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood;

I will answer when they call my name; Saved thro' Je - sus' blood.

No. 134. LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HEART.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come into your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come into your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je - sus come into your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je - sus come into your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come into your heart;

If you de - sire a new life to be - gin, Let Je - sus come into your heart.
 Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je - sus come into your heart.
 If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je - sus come into your heart.
 Find what a Friend he will be unto you, Let Je - sus come into your heart.
 If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Je - sus come into your heart.

CHORUS.

Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more;
 Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject - ing no more;

Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
 Just now, I o - pen the door And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

No. 135.

JESUS IS MINE!

Mrs. CATHARINE J. BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
 2. Tempt not, my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e -

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
 dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
 Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 Wel - come, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 136.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Rev. S. G. HARMER.

Rev. W. McDONALD.

1. { In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest:
 There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, (Omit.....)
 2. { Pain nor sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre, (Omit.....)
 3. { Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glo - ry; Shout your tri - umphs as you go;
 Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, (Omit.....)

CHORUS.
 To ful - fill my soul's re - quest, } There is rest for the wea - ry, There is
 I a crown of life shall wear, } On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the
 You shall find an en - trance thro' }

rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
 sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

No. 137. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble an - ywhere?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'rything to God in prayer.
 We should nev - er be dis - couraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.

D.S.—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'rything to God in prayer.
D.S.—Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.—In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

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No. 138.

ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY.

TOPLADY. 7s, 6'

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no languor know,
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flow'd,
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone,
 When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold thee on thy throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

No. 139. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Mrs. S. F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross,
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; And that thou send - est me,
 4. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got

D.S. - Near - er, my God, to thee,

FINE.

That rais - eth me! Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee!
 My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to thee.
 In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to thee,
 Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee!

Near - er to thee!

No. 140. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

W. COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;

And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their gull - y stains,

Lose all their gull - y stains, Lose all their gull - y stains,

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue,
 When this poor lisping, stammering
 Lies silent in the grave.

No. 141.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want thee for-ev - er to
 2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy
 4. Lord Je-sus, thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait: Come now, and within me a

live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now
 plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-ev - er I know: O
 cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow: O
 new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st "No," O

CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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No. 142.

HE IS CALLING.

FABER.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea; }
 There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than (Omit.....) } 1b - er - ty.

CHORUS.
 He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to thee.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good;
 There is mercy with the Saviour;
 There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;

- And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderful and kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take him at his word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of the Lord.

No. 143. LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all thy life re-ceive;
4. Fin-ish then thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;

Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
Let us all in thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest.
Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more thy tem-ples leave;
Let us see thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in thee;

Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love thou art;
Take a-way our bent to sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;
Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve thee as thy hosts a-bove,
Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in heaven we take our place,

Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning; Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
Pray, and praise thee without ceas-ing, Glo-ry in thy per-fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

No. 144. GRACIOUS SPIRIT, LOVE DIVINE.

JOHN STOCKER.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.

1. Gra-cious Spir-it, Love di-vine, Let thy light with-in me shine!
2. Speak thy pardon-ing grace to me; Set the burdened sin-ner free;
3. Life and peace to me im-part; Seal sal-va-tion on my heart;
4. Let me nev-er from thee stray; Keep me in the nar-row way;

All my guilt-y fears re-move; Fill me with thy heav'nly love.
Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in his pre-cious blood.
Breathe thy-self in-to my breast; Earn-est of im-mor-tal rest.
Fill my soul with joy di-vine; Keep me, Lord, for-ev-er thine.

No. 145. STEP OUT ON THE PROMISE.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourn-er in Zi-on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je-sus is
 2. O ye that are hun-gry and thirst-y, re-joice! For ye shall be
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in-iq-ui-ty free? O poor, troubled
 4. Step out on the prom-ise, and Christ you shall win, "The blood of his

wait-ing to com-fort thee now, Fear not to re-ly on the
 filled; do you hear that sweet voice In-vit-ing you now to the
 soul! there's a prom-ise for thee, There's rest, wea-ry one, in the
 Son cleans-eth us from all sin," It cleans-eth me now, hal-le-

word of thy God; Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.
 ban-quet of God? Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.
 bo-som of God; Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.
 lu-jah to God! I rest on his promise,—I'm un-der the blood.

From "The Shout of Victory." By per.

No. 146. HENRY F. LYTE. EVENTIDE. 10s. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A-bide with me; fast falls the e-ven-tide; The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day: Earth's joys grow
 3. I need thy pres-ence ev-'ry pass-ing hour; What but thy
 4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no

deep-ens; Lord, with me a-bide! When oth-er help-ers
 dim, its glo-ries pass a-way; Change and de-cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like thy-self, my
 weight, and tears no bit-ter-ness; Where is death's sting? where,

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O a-bide with me!
 all a-round I see; O thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me!
 grave, thy vic-to-ry? I tri-umph still, if thou a-bide with me!

No. 147.

GOD IS FAITHFUL.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God is faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful; He will sure - ly keep his word;
 2. God is faith - ful; he will do it; Not my own weak heart I trust;
 3. God is faith - ful; this my ref - uge When the storms of tri - al rise;
 4. God is faith - ful; he will make me More than conqueror in the strife;

FINE.

To the ut - ter - most ful - fill - ing Ev - 'ry prom - ise I have heard.
 But his Spir - it dwell - ing in me, Wise and ho - ly, kind and just.
 Help is com - ing, swift - ly com - ing From the hills be - yond the skies.
 Yield - ing whol - ly to his guid - ance, This is bless - ing, this is life!

D.S.—God is faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful; He will keep me night and day.

CHORUS.

D.S.

God is faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful; I will trust him all the way;

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No. 148.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
 2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
 long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
 dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - our art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on thy brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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No. 149.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

REGINALD HEBER.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y! All thy work shall

morn-ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly!
 golden crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
 sin-ful man thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly thou art ho-ly!
 praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly!

mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
 fall-ing down be-fore thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
 there is none be-side thee, Per-fect in power, in love, in pu-ri-ty.
 mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty!

No. 150.

SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

E. HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
 2. As a moth - er stills her child Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

D.C.—Chart and com - pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 D.C.—Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 D.C.—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot me."

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
 Boisterous waves o-bey thy will When thou say'st to them "Be still."
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on thy breast,

No. 151.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET. 6s, 4s.)

LOWELL, MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-vary. Sav-our di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast

while I pray. Take all my gullt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

No. 152.

MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH.

(AMERICA. 6s, 4s.)

Ad. HENRY CARRÉ.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty. Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free. Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our Father's God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

father's died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side. Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills. Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-ject us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 153.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4.)

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come. Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sacred wit-ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-
4. To the great One and Three E-ter-nal prais-es be Hence-evermore! His sov'reign

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. Concluded.

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days,
 people bless, And give Thy word success: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'!
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 154.

HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour, and my God! } Hap - py
 { Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its raptures all a - broad. }

FINE. D S.

day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
 { And live re - joicing ev - ry day. }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

No. 155.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Re - vive us a - gain.

- 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 156. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Tune.—"Onward."

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading

Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundations quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,

CHORUS.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go!
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise. } Onward, Christian soldiers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. }

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 157. NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing - nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of thee;
4. Thro' the long night - watch - es, May thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
With thy tend - 'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In thy ho - ly eyes.

Steal a - cross the sky.

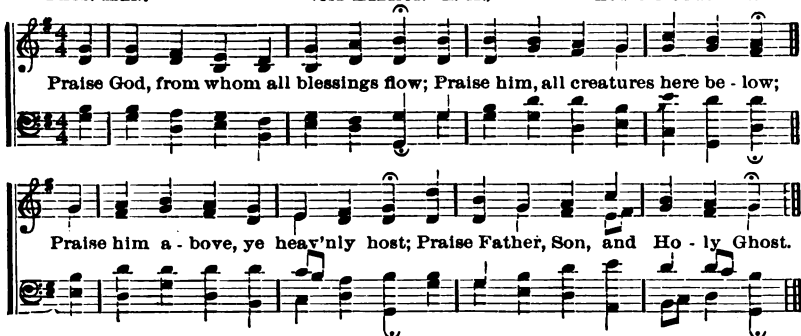
No. 158.

DOXOLOGY.

THOS. KEN.

(Old Hundred. L. M.)

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be - low;
Praise him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 159.

SESSIONS. L. M.

THOMAS KEN.

L. O. EMERS...T.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be-low;
Praise him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

No. 160.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 1.

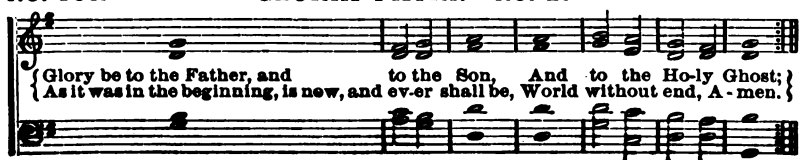
CHARLES MEINEKE.



Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, A-men, Amen.

No. 161.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 2.



{ Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, World without end, A-men. }

INDEX.

Titles in SMALL CAPITALS; First lines in Roman; Choruses in *Italics*.

<p>Abide with me, 146</p> <p>ABOVE THE BRIGHT BLUE, 86</p> <p>After all our pain and sorrow, 61</p> <p>After the earthly shadows, 16</p> <p>A LIGHT ALONG THE WAY, 30</p> <p>ALL FOR ME, 92</p> <p>A prodigal, lone, sick and poor 38</p> <p>Are you heavy-laden and with sor 83</p> <p><i>Are you in the inner circle?</i> 123</p> <p>A STEP ON THE THRESHOLD, 74</p> <p>As of old when the hosts of Israel, 84</p> <p>At the door of your heart, 25</p> <p>BEAUTY FOR ASHES, 66</p> <p>BEHOLD, I STAND AND KNOCK, 25</p> <p><i>Bid him come in,</i> 74</p> <p>BOUGHT WITH A PRICE, 37</p> <p>Bow'd beneath your burden, 23</p> <p>BRING YE ALL THE TITHES, 28</p> <p>Brother, if a friend you need, 64</p> <p><i>Can it be, O can it be,</i> 130</p> <p>CHILDREN OF THE KING, 104</p> <p>CHRIST LIKENESS, 90</p> <p><i>Close on the world the door of thy</i> 96</p> <p>Come, every soul, 127</p> <p>Come while God is calling, 78</p> <p>Come near to thy Father, 96</p> <p>Come, sinners, to the Gospel, 129</p> <p>COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING, 153</p> <p>CONSECRATION, 126</p> <p>COUNTLESS MERCIES, 83</p> <p>CRUCIFIED, 6</p> <p>DEAR SPIRIT, LEAD THOU ME, 58</p> <p>DOES JESUS CARE? 14</p> <p>DOING HIS WILL, 110</p> <p><i>Down at the cross I lay my sins,</i> 132</p> <p>DO YOU WANT TO GO THERE? 7</p> <p>DRAW NEARER, JESUS, 113</p> <p>ENLIST TO-DAY, 40</p> <p>EVERY GRIEF SHALL PASS AWAY, 19</p> <p>EVENTIDE, 146</p> <p>FACE TO FACE, 18</p> <p><i>Fade, fade, each earthly joy,</i> 135</p> <p><i>Faithful is He,</i> 114</p> <p><i>Flow gently, Sweet Spirit,</i> 9</p>	<p>FOLLOW ME, 98</p> <p>FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS, 67</p> <p>FOR YOU HE DIED, 120</p> <p><i>For I left them at the cross</i> 81</p> <p>Glory be to the Father, 160</p> <p>GOD IS FAITHFUL, 147</p> <p>GRACIOUS SPIRIT, LOVE DIVINE, 144</p> <p>HAPPY DAY, 154</p> <p>Have you heard the Master saying? 101</p> <p>Have you heard the voice of Jesus? 123</p> <p>Have we laid up our treasures? 36</p> <p>HALLELUJAH! JESUS SAVES ME, 63</p> <p><i>Hallelujah! thine the glory,</i> 155</p> <p>Hear the words of Scripture, 28</p> <p>HEAVENLY SUNLIGHT, 91</p> <p>HE CAME TO SAVE SINNERS, 50</p> <p><i>He gives me joy in place of sorro</i> 66</p> <p>HE KNOWS HOW, 51</p> <p>HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER, 10</p> <p>HE IS CALLING 142</p> <p>HE TOUCHED ME AND THUS MADE, 5</p> <p>HE WALKS WITH ME, 70</p> <p>He will hear me when I call, 124</p> <p>HE'LL NEVER FORSAKE, 35</p> <p>His blessed face I cannot see, 70</p> <p>HIS LOVE IS SWEEPING IN, 26</p> <p>HOLY, HOLY 3</p> <p>How many dear friends? 31</p> <p><i>Holy Spirit, be our comfort,</i> 103</p> <p><i>Holy, Holy, Father, merciful and</i> 3</p> <p>HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, 149</p> <p>I AM RESTING IN THE SAVIOUR'S 15</p> <p>I AM GLAD, 115</p> <p>I am free from condemnation, 81</p> <p>I am coming to the cross, 132</p> <p><i>I am resting, sweetly resting,</i> 15</p> <p>I am thinking to-day of that beaut 93</p> <p>I BELONG TO THE KING, 57</p> <p><i>I do not know, I cannot tell,</i> 51</p> <p>If you are tired of the load, 134</p> <p><i>If ye love me, go and win them,</i> 101</p> <p><i>If we bear the Saviour's likeness,</i> 104</p> <p>I KNOW HE'S MINE, 109</p> <p>I LOVE HIM, 107</p> <p>I LEFT THEM AT THE CROSS, 81</p> <p><i>I'll be present when the roll is ca</i> 133</p>
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I'LL BE READY,	65
I'LL NEVER CEASE TO LOVE HIM,	88
<i>I'm nearing, nearing,</i>	55
IN HIS SERVICE,	87
In the Christian's home,	136
In the Christian path of duty,	60
I SHALL BE LIKE HIM,	32
I shall wear a golden crown,	94
IS IT ALL FOR ME?	100
I sing the love of God,	66
<i>It is true, it is true,</i>	100
I've been to Jesus for the power,	26
I'VE ANCHORED IN JESUS,	68
I WILL BEAR THE CROSS,	121
I WILL GO,	130

Jesus called the rugged fishers,	98
JESUS CARETH FOR YOU,	62
Jesus comes with power to	106
JESUS IS THE ONE,	64
Jesus is softly knocking,	85
JESUS IS MINE,	135
JESUS IS PRECIOUS TO ME,	56
<i>Jesus keep me true and faithful,</i>	60
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,	150
JESUS TENDERLY CALLS,	11
JESUS UNDERSTANDS,	23
Just beyond the border land,	7
<i>Just now throw open the door,</i>	85
<i>Just now, your doubtings give o'e</i>	134
Just to trust in the Lord,	110
<i>Just to say what he wants me say,</i>	110
JUST WHEN I NEED HIM,	41

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE,	108
KEEP YOUR HEART SINGING,	34

<i>Land of perfect peace,</i>	7
LET HIM IN,	33
LET JESUS COME IN TO YOUR HE	134
LET THE DEAR SAVIOUR COME IN	85
LET THE BLESSED SUNLIGHT IN,	49
<i>Like ocean billows,</i>	26
LIGHT BEYOND THE SHADOWS,	79
Lord Jesus, I long to be	141
Lord, Thou hast granted salvation	122
Long ago, 'twas told in story,	104
Long my wilful heart said "No,"	21
LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELL	143

Make me, Saviour, what Thou wilt	102
MEET ME IN THE CITY,	24
Must Jesus bear the cross alone?	121
<i>My all is on the altar,</i>	126
MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE,	152
MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE,	151
MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE,	148
MY SAVIOUR,	124

NAILED TO THE CROSS,	48
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE,	139
NEARER, STILL NEARER,	97
NEARING THE HOMETLAND SHORE,	55
NO CONDEMNATION, NO SEPARAT	116
NO NIGHT THERE,	105
No tears can wash my sins away,	13
NO SHADOWS YONDER,	99
NO SHADOW IN THE VALLEY,	52
NOT MADE WITH HANDS,	54
<i>Not my own, not my own,</i>	102
NOW THE DAY IS OVER,	157

O blessed Holy Spirit,	117
<i>O blessed touch,</i>	89
O come to Christ with all your sin	118
<i>O cross, O crown,</i>	73
<i>O glory, hallelujah!</i>	76
<i>O hallelujah, yes, 'tis heaven,</i>	119
O happy day,	154
<i>O let no harp be silent now,</i>	95
<i>O meet me in the city,</i>	24
O mourner in Zion,	145
O my heart is filled with wondrous	15
O matchless love,	20
<i>O repeat it o'er and o'er,</i>	12
O sin of mine that bowed his head,	73
O soul unsaved from all your sin,	120
<i>O there's glory, glory,</i>	87
<i>O yes, he cares, I know he cares,</i>	14
<i>On Calvary, he died for me,</i>	45
OLD HUNDREDETH,	158
ONLY TRUST HIM,	127
ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS,	156
OUR MISSION CRY IS, "ONWARD,"	34
OVER THE WORLD,	9

Praise God, from whom all blessing	158
PEACE IN CHRIST,	53
PEACE THROUGH THE BLOOD,	78
<i>Peace, peace, looking above,</i>	42

REST FOR THE WEARY,	136
REVIVE US AGAIN,	155
ROCK OF AGES,	138

<i>Salvation full, salvation free,</i>	129
SAVED THROUGH JESUS' BLOOD,	133
SAVIOUR, PILOT ME,	150
SAVED BY GRACE ALONE,	13
<i>See the sunlight,</i>	79
<i>Seek ye the Lord, while he may be</i>	11
SESSIONS, L. M.,	159
SHALL WE GATHER IN THE MOR	103
Since Christ my soul,	119
SING SONGS OF JUBILEE,	95
SOME GLAD MORNING,	76
SOMEONE IS WAITING,	22
Someone shall knock at the beauti	29

<i>So the sign of the fire by night,</i>	84
Someone will knock at the saints'	75
Sometime we'll stand before	133
SPEEDING ONWARD,	27
SPEAK TO MY SOUL,	82
STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS,	112
STEP OUT ON THE PROMISE,	145
STILL SWEETER EVERY DAY,	80
SUCH A FRIEND IS JESUS,	47
Sweetly, Lord, have we heard thee	67
SWEET PEACE IS MY PORTION,	42
SWEET SPIRIT,	9
Swell with heart and voice the son	10
Tell the love of Christ abroad,	4
Ten thousand times ten thousand,	24
TEND MY SHEEP,	101
THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GOD,	43
The bright summer days have been	59
The burdens of life may be many,	71
THE CLOUD AND FIRE,	84
THE GREATEST THING IS LOVE,	20
THE GOSPEL FEAST,	129
<i>The half cannot be fancied,</i>	80
THE INNER CIRCLE,	123
The Lord hath made this world,	30
THE MASTER,	45
The ocean of life I am crossing,	55
THE TOUCH OF JESUS,	89
The world has its heroes,	56
<i>Then turn to the Lord,</i>	46
THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED,	140
<i>There is now no condemnation,</i>	116
<i>There is rest for the weary,</i>	136
There is no name on earth,	63
THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD,	72
<i>There shall be no sighing there.</i>	19
There was one who was willing,	48
There's a blessed old story,	100
There's a wideness in God's mercy	142
THERE'S A STORY SWEET AND TRUE	12
There's a call for valiant soldiers,	40
THERE'S TIME ENOUGH YET,	46
There's no shadow in the valley,	52
There's One above all,	109
<i>They are nailed to the cross,</i>	48
They crowned the Master's head,	45
They nailed my Lord upon the tree	6
THEY WILL MEET ME OVER THE	44
THOU ART MY LIGHT,	17
Tho' we've no abiding city here,	54
'TIS LOVE, REDEEMING LOVE,	114
'Tis sweet to think, as night come	105
'Tis sweet to have a faithful friend	47
'Twas the life of Christ,	37
To tell the matchless story,	77
To Jesus every day,	80
To the feet of my Saviour,	5
TRASURES IN HEAVEN,	36
TRUE AND FAITHFUL,	60

TRUST IN THE SAVIOR AND OBEY	8
TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTY	75
UNDER THE CROSS,	132
Upon Life's boundless ocean,	68
Walking in sunlight,	91
WAITING FOR ME AT HOME,	31
WAITING WITH JOYFUL HEARTS,	111
We are speeding onward,	27
Weary and wand'ring,	92
WELCOME, HOLY COMFORTER,	117
WELCOME HOME,	61
<i>Welcome, welcome,</i>	117
We may lighten toil,	34
We praise Thee, O God,	155
We shall meet the King of Heaven	76
WE SHALL WALK THE REALMS	69
WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS	137
WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS	125
What if here my path is shadowed	19
WHAT JOY IT GIVES ME?	77
WHAT THOU WILT,	102
WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO	122
What wonderful, wonderful mercy	90
WHEN GOD HELD OUT HIS HAND	38
WHEN I BEHOLD HIM,	16
WHEN I GET HOME,	94
WHEN I STAND ON THE STREETS	71
When Jesus comes in glory,	65
WHEN JESUS DIED,	73
When Jesus left heaven,	50
WHEN LOVE SHINES IN,	106
When the troubles gather,	79
WHEN THOU HAST SHUT THY DOOR	96
When your burdens,	62
WHERE ARE YOUR SHEAVES?	59
<i>Where He leads me, I will follow,</i>	98
WHERE JESUS IS, 'TIS HEAVEN,	119
WHILE JESUS WHISPERS,	131
WHITER THAN SNOW,	141
Who is this that's waiting?	33
Who shall ever separate us?	116
Why do you wander in darkness	11
WILL IT BE YOU?	29
WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?	93
WILLING TO BLESS,	118
<i>Wonderful treasures, heavenly pleasures</i>	36
<i>Wonderful, wonderful, that mortal</i>	90
WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS	128
Would you always cheerful be,	49
Would you be free from your burden	72
Would you live for Jesus?	8
Ye people of the living God,	95
<i>Yes, a satisfying portion,</i>	124
YES, DEAR LORD,	21
<i>Yes, God's own hand, his blessed</i>	38
<i>Yes, he careth for you,</i>	62
<i>Yes, he understands,</i>	23
You ask me how the blessed Lord,	51



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